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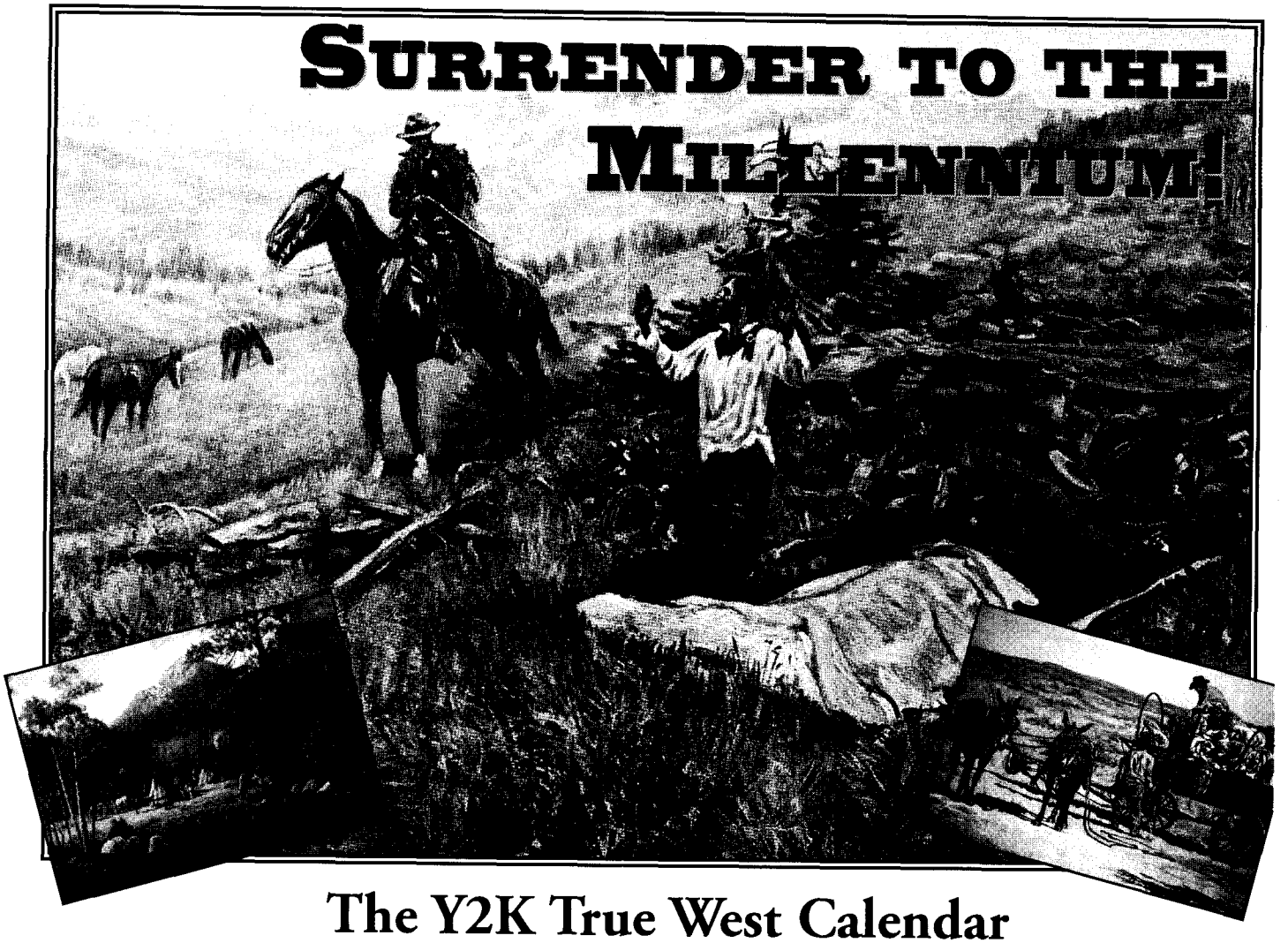

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Our Cover

A previously unpublished image of the legendary Buffalo Bill ushers *True West* into the Millennium. *See related story, page 8.*

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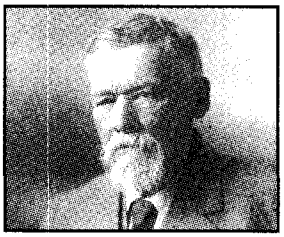

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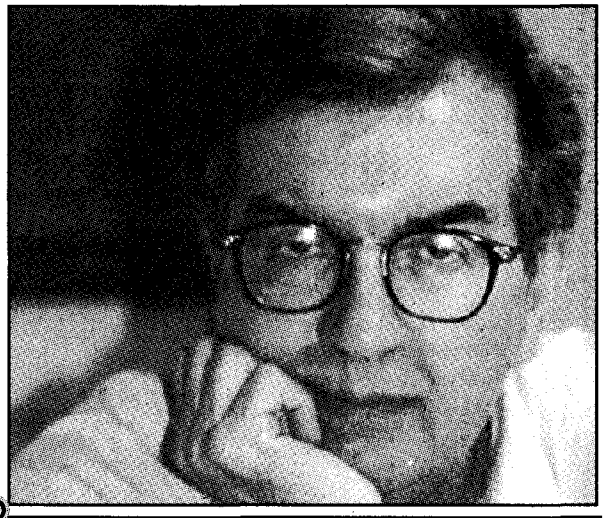

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TRUE WEST

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TO THE POINT

Let the Ride Begin

Fresh ponies have been saddled. Renegades have gathered. Winchesters are primed and nestled in their scabbards, ready for action. The knives have been sharpened; scars are imminent. A dust cloud forms to the West. Let the ride begin.

Look to the left, dear reader. Listed on this page are some of the greatest names currently working in Western History. A super posse of sorts, all riding for the *True West* brand. At the head of this rag-tag band of *literati* and *artesanoes*, two living legends, and one real cowboy.

Robert G. McCubbin and Bob Boze Bell, the Two Bobs, share in a common bond. Both are early subscribers and life-long fans of *True West*. Both have contributed greatly to a better, and unique, understanding of the West.

Bob McCubbin, perhaps best known in history circles for his expansive collection of original western artifacts and photographs, rare books, and pertinent documents, began his journey to this point in time when still just a child. Infatuated with the outlaw West, young Bob sought out and collected books, photographs, autographs, anything to bond him with the wild days and wilder tales that rambled through his daydreams. This penchant for searching and saving culminated in a reputation that stands alone, and a collection that sometimes overshadows the man outside his circle of friends.

Rick Baish, the only *real* cowboy of the bunch, typifies the Modern West. A businessman of the cowboy boots and jeans variety, Rick knows how to tighten a cinch when the need arises. The owner of a large, historic New Mexico ranch, Rick runs his own cattle and has even passed on the tradition to his children. His daughter is a bona fide rodeo queen.

Bob McCubbin and Rick Baish are the new bosses of this outfit, a sure guarantee of a quality ride, through and through.

Bob Boze Bell claims a small part of his success can be laid directly at the feet of *True West*. As a child in Kingman, Arizona, Boze poured over Joe Small's *True West*, digesting the stories and artwork. Later, after personally tackling every facet of media as a newspaper and book contributor and radio and television personality, Boze came back to what he had loved as a kid. His paintings and observations on the American West and her favorite sons and daughters crackle with wit and wisdom, and have turned the genre on its ear. Anyone familiar with his work knows that a good eye and dead aim are the true keys to his success. His position as ranch foreman guarantees a fun, eventful ride.

And me, well, I guess I'm the trail boss. When the herd gets out of control, it will be my job to head for the timber, to hide from the law, and to make sure we all make it home safe, month after month.

Change was promised. Change has arrived. Change will continue. *Cres cit eundo*. It grows as it goes. Let the ride begin.

Marcus Huff
Editor

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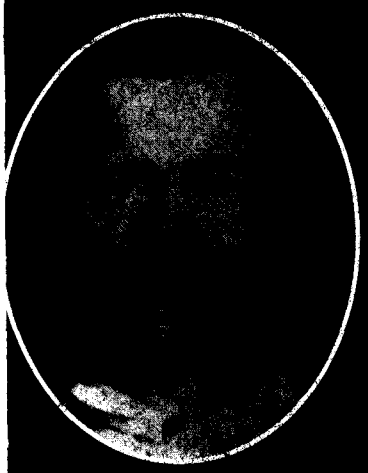

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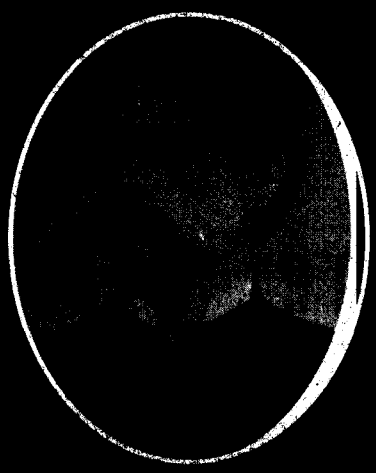

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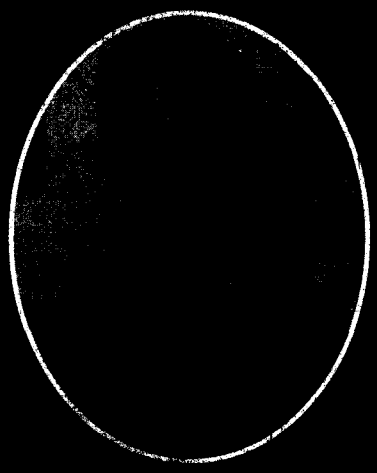

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EDITED BY ROBERT K. DEARMENT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY LARRY D. BALL

Desperadoes of Arizona Territory presents twenty-four articles by the late Dr. Philip J. Rasch, preeminent historian of the outlaw Southwest. Originally published in obscure periodicals, these hard-to-find articles examine the adventures and misdeeds of Arizona's most desperate men: John Ringo, Buckskin Frank Leslie, the Earps, Pete Spence, Tom Deal, Barney Riggs, Gus Gildea, Kid Swingle, the Clantons, Shoot-Em-Up Dick, and many more. This volume is strictly limited to 1,000 copies. Don't miss this unique opportunity to own this treasure chest of Arizona lore. Order yours today.

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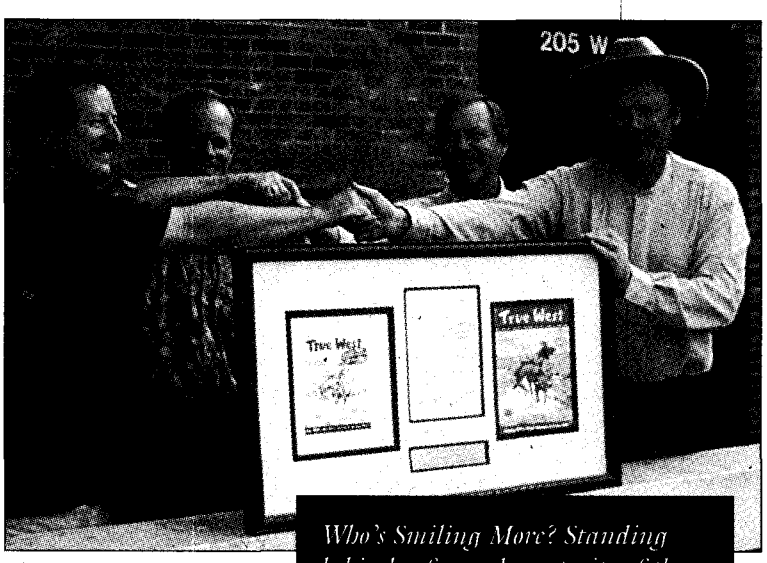
TRUTH BE TOLD

The Future of the Past

In the spirit of stewardship, Steve Cundiff and Steve Gragert of Stillwater, Oklahoma, carried the *True West* banner for more than a decade, and now that banner has been passed to us. It's not something we take lightly. We intend to live up to the new slogan under our masthead: "No bull since 1953."



Who's Smiling More? Standing behind a framed composite of the very first cover of True West, *the Two Steves (Steve Cundiff and Steve Gragert) seal the deal with the Two Bobs (Bob McCubbin and Bob Boze Bell).*

Founded by the legendary Joe Small, this has been a publication dedicated to seeking the truth, no matter how unflattering or unsettling.

Today, we rededicate ourselves to Joe's fighting spirit.

Numerous media experts told us we'd be "crazy" to sign on. So are we nuts? Probably, but ultimately, the legacy, the tradition, and name *True West* swept us up like two flying lizards in a swirling desert dust devil.

We have Big Plans, which calls for bold moves. The editorial offices have been moved from Stillwater, Oklahoma, to Cave Creek, Arizona. A new logo is in place and improved graphics, more pages, and color are on the drawing board. Our editorial "tent" will also be expanding to explore a more varied subject matter as it relates to our Western experience.

A previously unpublished photo of Buffalo Bill was chosen for our first cover because to us he represents the West in all its stages (see pages 8,9).

Enough said. We have talked the talk and now it's time to walk the walk. Care to join us? We're taking a little stroll down to the O.K. Corral.

Westernly,
The Two Bobs

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Idaho Trail

I thoroughly enjoyed the article, "Odysseys on the Idaho Trial," in the November issue of *True West*. My grandfather, W.T. Davis, was on Con Shea's cattle drive to Silver City, Idaho, in 1869. Hank Corless's article filled in some of the details that were not recorded by Grandfather.

When my grandfather, W.T. Davis, joined the drive in 1869, three thousand longhorns owned by Shea and John A. Miller were gathered around Fort Worth, Texas, for the five-month trip to Idaho. They crossed the Red River at present-day Dennison, Texas, and went through the Indian Territory, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, and Utah. The herd arrived in Silver City in October. Grandfather told me they killed buffalo along the way, and ate the meat found under the hump.

After arriving in Silver City, W.T. worked in the mines all winter. On his very first shift, he was proud of all the rock he had disposed of until the boss found out that W.T. had thrown away fifty thousand dollars worth of high grade ore. The boss was so mad he threw his hat on the ground and jumped on it. *Marietta Barron, Carmichael, California.*

Outlaw Therapy

I enjoyed your editorial in the November 1999 issue of *True West*. It also got me to thinking. According to the Webster's Collegiate Dictionary the term "psychotherapy" was first coined in 1853. The life of the quintessential psychologist Sigmund Freud (1856-1939) was roughly contemporary to the lifespan of, say for instance, Bat Masterson. The question is not whether therapy existed at the time of the Old West, but whether it had disseminated across the Atlantic and into America's western regions.

Although I have no evidence to indicate that psychotherapy was ever employed in western prisons, it is known that they tended to be remarkably modern institutions, employing cutting-edge technology and prisoner management techniques. If a nineteenth century prison doctor made an argument in favor of employing the newfangled techniques of psychotherapy, it is conceivable that they might have been tried out.

The concept of psychotherapy may have been unknown in the prisons of the Old West, but the concept of rehabilitation certainly was not. The image of John Wesley Hardin as the superintendant of Sunday school at the Texas State Prison in Huntsville is also laughable, until one recalls that it did indeed occur. Educational opportunities were also offered to prisoners, and Hardin studied law, was later licensed to practice law, and of course did so. To what extent these were efforts by Hardin to convince prison officials that he was "rehabilitated" or "reformed" is unknown. We know that Hardin, after serving fifteen years of his twenty-five-year term, left prison unreformed and died an inveterate hell-raiser.

The idea of the Old West badmen receiving psychotherapy is not all that ridiculous, because it is conceivable that some of them might have actually received some therapy. What is laughable is the notion that it might have "benefitted" them. There is no evidence that Old West hardcases would have been rehabilitated by psychotherapy, any more than there is evidence that psychotherapy rehabilitates twentieth century criminals. *John R. Sweet, Hawkengun@aol.com.*

SADDLE PALS By Graham Ward

An Embarassing Hickey

I'd like to take this opportunity to correct a false impression that one of *True West*'s latest articles presents to its readers. In "The Trial of Wyatt Earp," [November 1999] the author, who for some reason uses the pseudonym of Theodore Ten Eyck, seems to take a jab at Michael M. Hickey, the author of *Street Fight in Tombstone*, *Los Dos Pistoleros Earp*, and *The Cowboy Conspiracy to Convict the Earps*.

The article states that "Some of the assumptions were historically wrong, others were comical. Both the defense and the prosecution maintained Doc Holliday was in the infamous all night poker game at the Occidental Saloon before the fight. He was not. When questioned about this, one of the attorneys claimed they got it out of a book by Michael Hickey."

As to the actual wording in Mr. Hickey's *The Cowboy Conspiracy*, affecting the overnight poker game in the Occidental Saloon, he states that "...the players at this card game were Ike Clanton, Tom McLaury, Cochise County Sheriff John H. Behan, and Tombsone City Marshal Virgil W. Earp, plus one other gentleman."

I have had the pleasure of experiencing many discussions with Mr. Hickey on the events leading up to that famous gunfight of October 26, 1881, and I can assure you and your readers that he never stated that Doc Holliday was a participant in the above referenced all night poker game. *Richard Lapidus, Simi Valley, California.*

Editor's Note: Point taken. We apologize for the inference that Mr. Hickey's book was in error.

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by True West Publishing will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Letters may be edited for space and clarity. Be sure to include full name, address, and zip code. Photos are welcome. Address all letters to True West, PO Box 8008, Cave Creek, AZ 85327. E-mail us at, TWPublishing@aol.com. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose letters appear in "Truly Western."

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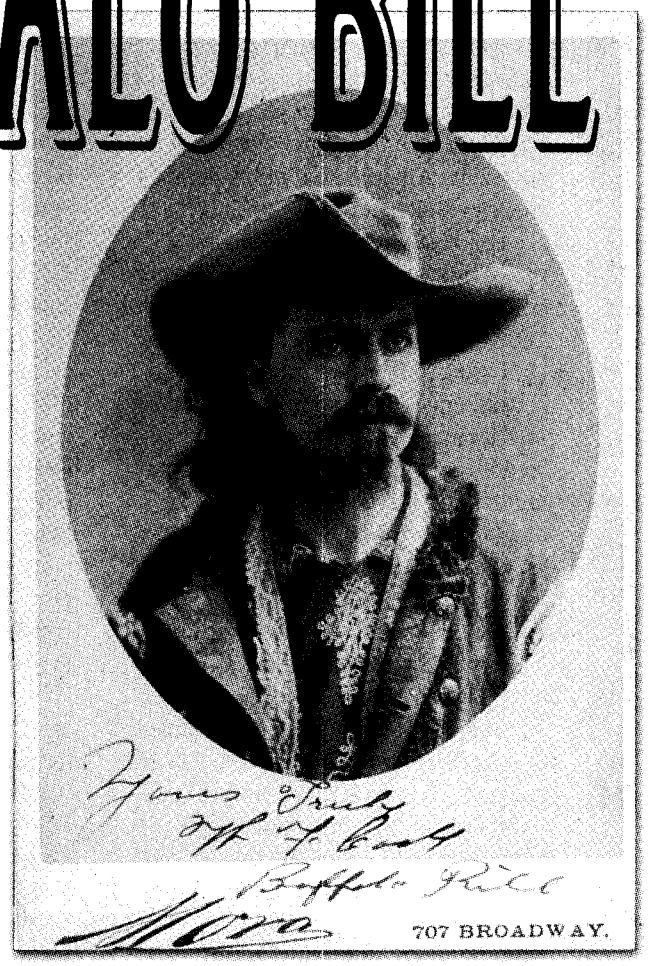
A Dedication:

BUFFALO BILL CODY



Courtesy Craig A. Fouts

As an authentic frontiersman, daring outrider, loyal scout, and the ultimate showman, Buffalo Bill participated in all stages of the Wild West (both literally and figuratively) and still looms large in the American imagination.

For us here at the new *True West*, Cody represents the West we want to cover, from the virgorous reality in which he participated to the romantic vision he helped create.

Of course, some believe he was a shameless promoter, an exploiter of Native Americans, and a big, fat liar. But that too, is part of the West and part of the story.

So it's both fitting and necessary to honor Bill on the cover of the first issue of a new start and a new century.

As if any more reasons are needed, they would be:

- Because he made narrative sense of a complex frontier.
- Because he made it cool to be an American at a time when everyone was looking toward Europe.
- Because he was the first international superstar replete with groupies.
- And because he was a darn snappy dresser

Thanks Bill. Here's to another century of your forward looking visage, your flamboyant dress and your bigger-than-life imperial-laden chin.

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A very early image of Buffalo Bill Cody, probably taken in the early 1870s. Youthful, cocky, and clear-eyed, Cody seems to dare the world to give him its best shot. (Courtesy Robert G. McCubbin Collection)

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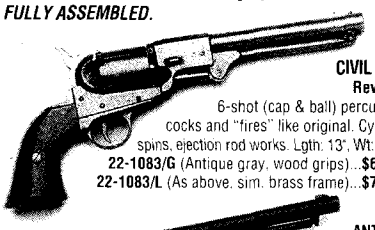

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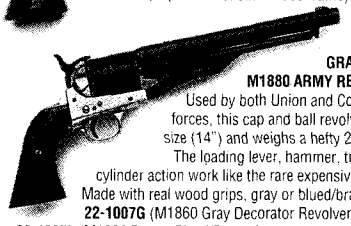

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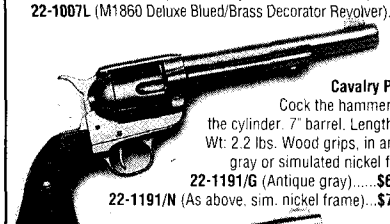

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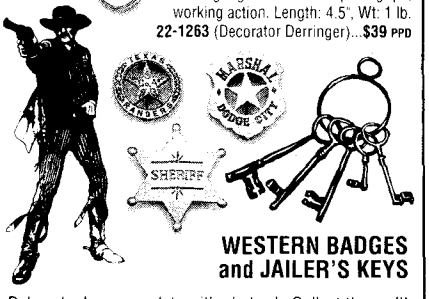

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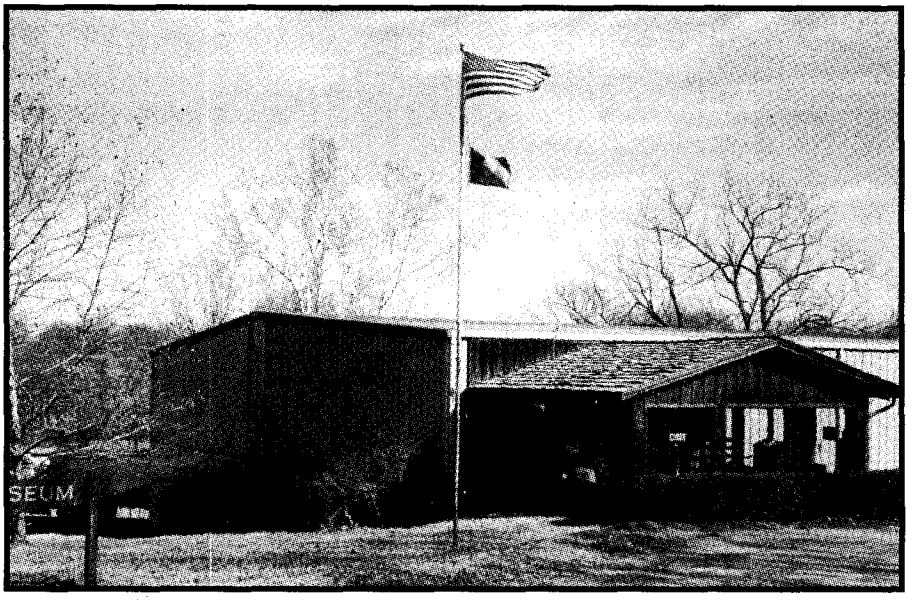
WESTERN ROUNDUP

BAXTER SPRINGS HERITAGE CENTER AND MUSEUM

By Anita Heistand



Route 66 travelers have driven past Baxter Springs, in extreme southeast Kansas, since the 1930s; International visitors still retrace the road every year.

Baxter Springs has always been a travel stop on the way to somewhere important. Indians, trappers, cowboys, and military men slaked their thirst and found food at the springs.

In the early 1800s, Chief Black Dog and his band of Osages carved out the Black Dog Trail, which was said to be wide enough for thirty horsemen to ride abreast. It was also used by early settlers and army and government agents.

The springs and town were named after John Baxter, whose trading post and inn served travelers from 1850 to 1859. Later, the mineral springs were advertised nationally as a cure-all. A large hotel and bathhouse accommodated visitors from all over the United States.

Texan Isaac Wright brought the first herd of cattle into Baxter Springs after arranging passage through Indian lands, initiating Baxter's cowtown days.

The Baxter Springs Historical Society was formed in 1958, to coincide with the town's Centennial Celebration. The resulting museum was housed in a series of donated buildings for seventeen years.

In 1976, the historical society and the Bicentennial Committee raised funds to build a museum building. The City of Baxter Springs donated the historic springs area. Local donations and volunteer labor accomplished the building construction in 1979—two floors, each forty by eighty feet, with ground-floor access to each level.

History Park, or Springs Park, includes or adjoins a former Indian campground, Civil War frontier Fort Blair, a German brewery, and the hanging tree used to mete out vigilante justice during the cowtown era.

From early 1900s to the 1950s,

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Baxter Springs centered the largest lead and zinc mining field in the world.

Inside the vestibule sheltering the museum's entrance, a waist-high mining bucket sits on rails, reminiscent of the days when ore miners hauled rocks out of the nearby tunnels.

A nearby cannon was brought from the 1883 Civil War battle site at Pea Ridge, Arkansas. Grand Army of the Republic reunion campouts attracted thousands of Civil War Veterans to Baxter Springs for thirty years. The Pea Ridge cannon fired the wake-up call each morning.

Inside the museum, glass, lighted display rooms are everywhere, beckoning viewers. The top floor houses two rooms: The History Room and The Victorian Room. The first contains historical pictures, artifacts, and information.

The History Room relates the story of native Osage, Ottawa, and Ponca Indians, and the Quapaws to the south. Also highlighted are those transported from elsewhere in the U.S. to Indian Territory, just across the state line. Museum Docent Phyllis Abbott explains that, "Besides the Osage Indians, during Indian Territory days, Oklahoma Indians came into Baxter Springs to trade for their needs. Indian soldiers served in both the Federal and Confederate armies during the Civil War."

The Baxter Springs Heritage Center, outdoor exhibits include period mining equipment, and a Civil War-era cabin. *All photos by the author.*

In 1862, field camps in Baxter Springs supplied troops assigned to escort wagon trains through Indian Territory to Fort Smith, Arkansas, or Fort Gibson, Cherokee Nation. Troops also assembled at Baxter Springs for excursions into Missouri to confront bushwhackers, or trips into Indian Territory to fight Indians and Texas Cavalry.

The mural, "Quantrill's Massacre" by Edmund V. Ness, depicts William Quantrill's raid on Fort Blair, which was manned by the Third Wisconsin Cavalry and the Kansas Second Colored Infantry. James McNeil, the only news correspondent to be killed in the Civil War, lost his life during the raid. Baxter Springs is one of only four sites in Kansas where Civil War engagements took place.

The original site of Fort Blair has now been ascertained, and the land bought by the museum. The breastworks will soon be reconstructed, followed by a replica blockhouse.

The History Room also honors bravery through mementos of the Spanish-American War, the Civil War and World War I. Those who served in World War II, the Korean War, and Vietnam are also honored. Ninety-five percent of all the museum items were donated by local citizens, with each item identified by donor. A replicated room from the former Lincoln School is nearby.

A Wall of Fame honors local celebrities: *Denver Post* artist Paul Gregg; composer Glad Robinson Youse; golfer Hale Irwin; McCartney Company founder Joseph McCartney; composer Hubert Bird; and Gene Bicknell, industrialist and entrepreneur.

Awards and memorabilia of local sports heroes such as Mickey Mantle and Hale Irwin are also displayed. Mantle played baseball, was scouted by the New York Yankees, and signed his first professional contract at Baxter Springs.

The Route 66 booth adjoins a photo collection of the era's gas stations, and an art gallery features paintings by local artists. Carol Riley, whose mining paintings were shown in the Smithsonian, joins local artists Fred Deavor, Billy Horine, and Charles Hasty.

In the second room, the Victorian Room, displays of adult and children's clothing and needlework are presented with period furniture. There are also collections from a 1930s hat shop. Bridal gowns date from 1853 to 1926.

On the lower floor is a completely furnished 1901-1910 three-room farm

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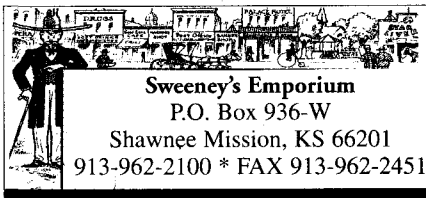

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Digging Into Custer's Last Stand

By Sandy Barnard

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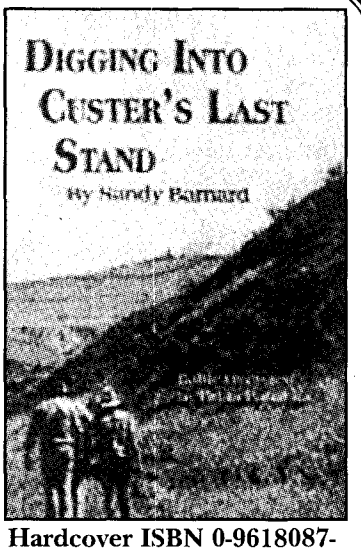

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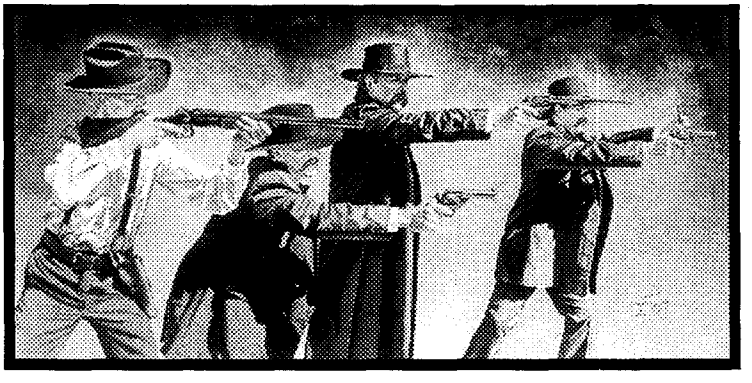

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house. Outside, household artifacts date from the 1800s to 1940s.

The third room, the Ivan Chubb Room, replicates an 1870s street with four businesses and accouterments. Nearby, a weathered barn displays agricultural artifacts. The world's longest hand-carved wooden chain, carved locally, is also displayed.

There is a working fanning mill, an 1870s sod plow, hand grist, sheep shearer, a Hercules three-horsepower water-cooled gas engine, a corn sheller, and a 1901-1903 John Deere corn planter.

The fourth room replicates Military Avenue, Baxter Springs' brick-paved main street, as it looked in the 1930s. Offices for a doctor, dentist, telephone company, newspaper, beauty parlor, and shops for a printer, watchmaker, and women's fashions have been recreated.

A vintage farm wagon and a large collection of aged woodworking tools represent pioneer occupations. There is a railroad display and a fire department exhibit includes a 1926 LaFrance fire truck, in working condition, with the original bill of sale.

The importance of lead and zinc mining is emphasized by a full-size replica of a tunnel segment, augmented by an extensive collection of mining artifacts, mineral specimens, and photographs.

A fully furnished, authentically reconstructed Civil War-era log cabin sits just outside. An antique bridge spans Spring Creek. There is also a Korean War tank, a railroad caboose, and a large collection of mining equipment on the museum grounds.

The museum's computer files, covering 6,000 articles and 3,000 photos, can be accessed and cross-referenced by visiting historians and genealogists.

The Baxter Springs Heritage Center and Museum is open 10:30 AM to 4:30 PM, Tuesday-Saturday, and Sundays 1-4:30 PM. Admission is free. Call (316) 856-2385 for more information.

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. To be included in our Calendar of Events, please send all information at least three months in advance. Send information, including photos to: Western Roundup, P.O. Box 8008, Cave Creek, AZ 85327.

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WILD OLD DAYS

A DEADWOOD JAIL BREAK

By Donna B. Ernst

Today's gambling town of Deadwood, South Dakota, is alive with history and in many ways is unchanged from one hundred years ago. They have carefully refurbished the numerous original buildings, and new structures were designed and built to blend with the old, with an abundance of casinos and saloons.

Today, however, town revenue no longer comes from mining enterprises but from visiting gamblers and tourists. For their benefit, each summer brings a daily reenactment of Wild Bill Hickok's murder by Jack McCall, right on Main Street. Tours are offered to Mt. Moriah, the local cemetery, to view the graves of Calamity Jane and Wild Bill. One can still belly up to the bar in the original No. 10 Saloon, where Wild Bill played his last poker hand.

Overshadowed by Hickok's time in Deadwood however, is the Halloween jail break by members of the Wild Bunch, an infamous gang of late-nineteenth century outlaws.

On June 28, 1897, five outlaws held up the Butte County Bank in Belle Fourche, South Dakota. Led by "Flatnose" George Currie, the gang included Walt Punteney, Tom O'Day, and possibly brothers Harvey and Lonnie Logan. Sent to town to check the bank, O'Day decided to check out the local saloon instead. After a local store owner, Alanson Giles, noticed raised hands in the bank window, he exchanged shots with O'Day. The gunfire alerted the outlaws in the bank, as well as the townspeople.

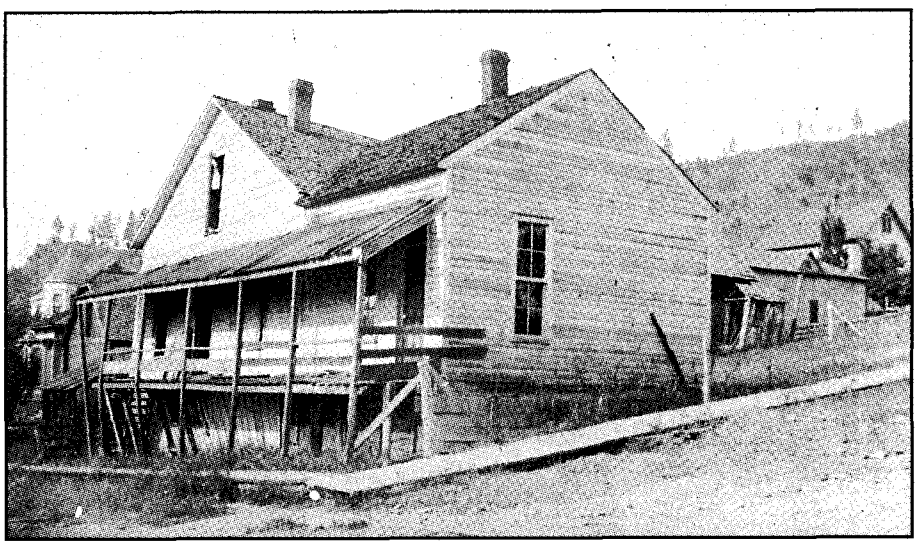
The thieves grabbed $97 from a customer and escaped out of town, leaving a drunken Tom O'Day to be quickly captured. Because the jail had recently burned down, O'Day was taken to the Lawrence County jail in Deadwood. The other four outlaws parted company. Currie and Lonnie Logan headed for Hole in the Wall, an outlaw enclave in central Wyoming. Harvey Logan and Punteney headed south to the gang's Powder Springs hideout on the Wyoming and Colorado border.

At Powder Springs, they were joined by Harry Longabaugh, alias the Sundance Kid, who had been working a few miles away near Savery, Wyoming. By mid-September, Punteney, Logan, and Sundance had made their way north to Red Lodge, Montana. According to the *Billings Gazette*, someone recognized one of the trio and reported them to Sheriff John Dunn. The lawman believed they were planning to rob the bank.

Sheriff Dunn watched them carefully until they rode out of town. He then gathered a small posse to trail the bandits, including Stock Detectives Jones "Dick" Hicks and W.D. Smith, Attorney Oscar C. Stone, and Constable H. J. Calhoun. On Wednesday evening, September 22, the posse trapped the outlaws as they set up camp about twenty miles north of Lavina, Montana.

As shots rang out, Logan was wounded, two horses were killed, and the startled outlaws were summarily captured. They were taken by stagecoach to Billings and held as fugitives from justice in the holdup. The outlaws retained local lawyer J.B. Herford, paying him with their remaining horses and saddles.

S.W. Ticknor, the assistant cashier from Belle Fourche, arrived and identified all three men as the robbers. Justice of the Peace Alex Fraser bound them over for trial. Detectives Hicks and Smith escorted Punteney, Logan, and Sundance on the noon Burlington train to Deadwood, where they joined Tom O'Day in jail.



Lawrence County jail, Deadwood, South Dakota, circa 1895. *Courtesy Deadwood Pulic Library, Centennial Archives.*

William Moore, a young cowhand who broke horses for a local rancher named Bassett, was awaiting trial in the same jail. Bassett's ranch was near Englewood, where Moore had shot and killed Henry Staley in August 1897.

Harry Alonzo Longabaugh, alias the Sundance Kid, hailed from Pennsylvania, and had come west to become a cowboy. He had previously spent time working in Deadwood during the harsh 1886-1887 winter. He returned again after his release from the Sundance, Wyoming, prison in February 1889. On both occasions, he only stayed a few uneventful weeks

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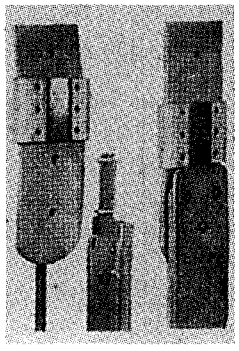
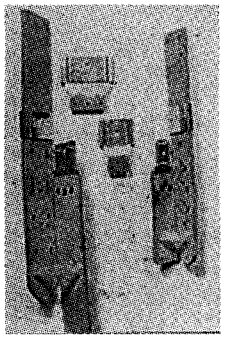
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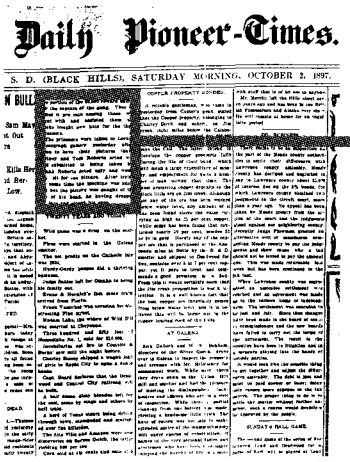
Daily Pioneer-Times.
S. D. (BLACK HILLS), SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 2, 1897.

for the capture of the gang. They divided it pro rata among those who went with and assisted them and Hicks bought new hats for the three prisoners.

The prisoners were taken to Locke's photograph gallery yesterday afternoon to have their pictures taken. Putney and Tom Roberts acted well and submitted to being taken but Frank Roberts acted ugly and would not sit for the picture. After trying for some time the machine was snapped but the picture was caught of the top of his head, he having dropped his face and closed his eyes.

The October 2, 1897, *Daily Pioneer-Times* reported the capture and photography of the outlaws. If a photo of Sundance was taken, it has since disappeared. The existing photos reside with the Adams Museum in Deadwood. *From the author's collection.*

before returning to Wyoming. This time he claimed to be one of the Roberts brothers, and entered a plea of not guilty.

Walt Punteney worked for the Em Bar Ranch near Hole in the Wall. "Flatnose" George Sutherland Currie ranched nearby, and was the leader of a gang of rustlers, of which Punteney was a member. When Currie decided to try something more profitable, like banks, Punteney went along. At the arraignment, Punteney also claimed he was innocent and claimed his name was Charley Frost.

Tom "Peep" O'Day, another Wyoming cowboy, was considered to be a hardcase and a loner. Judging by his attachment to the bottle during the Belle Fourche robbery, he was also deemed undependable. He homesteaded in the Lost Cabin, Wyoming, area, just southwest of Currie's ranch near Hole in the Wall. He pleaded not guilty.

Harvey Logan and his brothers, including Lonnie, had once worked for Currie before they bought a ranch of their own in Landusky, Montana. Giving credit to his mentor, Harvey used the alias Kid Curry. He was known as an outlaw with a quick temper. He also pleaded innocence and claimed to be one of the Roberts brothers.

While Currie's gang of rustlers had not succeeded as bank robbers, in later years a few of them held membership with the highly successful Wild Bunch. For the moment, they were languishing in the Deadwood jail.

The jail was in an old building, located at the intersection of today's Washington and Monroe streets in Deadwood's residential section. The jail portion of the building was a twenty foot square steel cage, in a thirty foot square room. The cage boasted an iron floor and steel bars on the windows. Within the cage were individual cells and a "bull pen," or open walkway. The prisoners had access to the bull pen daily, but they were locked in their cells at night. A lever operated by the guards dropped a heavy steel bar across the cell doors.

A preliminary hearing was held on Thursday, September 30, and bail was set at $10,000 each. Local lawyers Frank McLaughlin and W.O. Temple were assigned to represent the outlaws. The lawyers were to be paid with the horses and tack equipment taken at the time of the gang's capture in Montana.

On October 2, 1897, the *Daily Pioneer-Times* reported that the outlaws were taken to H.R. Locke's photography studio for pictures. While two of the outlaws sat quietly for the pictures, the third man "acted ugly." When the camera lens snapped, he bent his head down and closed his eyes, which resulted in a photograph showing only the top of his head.

Two years later, in July 1899, an Ed Maxwell of Sturgis, South Dakota, wrote to the Union Pacific, stating, "I have both of the brothers pictures

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taken while in Deadwood...I got them at that time." W.T. Canada, chief of detectives for the Union Pacific railroad, wrote back to acknowledge receipt of the photographs. The original pictures are now in the Adams Museum in Deadwood, South Dakota.

Lawyers McLaughlin and Temple filed an affidavit on behalf of the outlaws on October 13, asking the court for an extension to prove their clients' case. Material witnesses from Wyoming had been sent for and were expected within the month. While two friends did head north from Savery, Wyoming, to testify on Sundance's behalf, they arrived too late to help.

Halloween was on a Sunday that year. About 8:45 PM, Deputy Sheriff John Mansfield and his wife checked the prisoners on their way home from church. When Mansfield ordered the prisoners to enter their cells so he could throw the lever to bar the doors, they claimed the bar was already thrown, locking them out of the cells.

As Mansfield entered the cell area to check, William Moore jumped him and knocked him to the floor. "Frank Roberts" quickly placed his foot in the cell door to prevent Mrs. Mansfield from slamming it shut, while "Tom Roberts," Tom O'Day, and "Charley Frost" joined Moore in kicking her husband. When Mrs. Mansfield protested, they slapped her and threw her on the cell floor along with her husband. Both were locked inside.

The four outlaws made their way out the rear kitchen door, through the courtyard gate, and escaped on horses supplied by Lonnie Logan. Moore scaled a fence in the side yard and disappeared into the night. Two horses were later stolen from the Bassett ranch, and Moore was suspected. Within an hour, the Mansfield's were freed, and Sheriff Plunkett and Deputy James Harris were out searching with a posse of sixty men.

On Wednesday, November 3, the *Pioneer-Times* reported the capture of O'Day and Punteney by Marshall Dave Craig, about three miles southeast of Spearfish. They had tried unsuccessfully to steal a horse from a farmer. The man spurred his horse and raced for town, where he reported the incident to Marshal Dave Craig. The two escapees were quickly found and surrendered without any resistance, complaining that they were cold and had not eaten since dinner on Sunday. Meanwhile, Sundance and Logan made good their escape.

Frustrated by the escape of the men who had robbed their bank, the citizens of Belle Fourche hanged a robber in effigy from the town flag pole. A sign draped around the neck read, "Reward for the escaped bank robbers." W.O. Temple, who had petitioned the court for a delay, learned that the citizens of Belle Fourche also said, "After we catch the robbers, we ought to hang them on the spot, and then hang their lawyers afterwards."

Tom O'Day's trial began in March 1898, with high expectations. He was acquitted, however, and the bank officials refused to waste their time and money in the prosecution of Punteney. Both men were released. By mid-April they had each returned to Wyoming, free and clear. Punteney reformed, proved up on his Wyoming homestead, and raised a family. O'Day continued to live on the edge of the law, and later served time in the Wyoming State Penitentiary. The Sundance Kid and the Logan brothers eventually died in a hail of bullets, each fighting different posses after robberies.

One interesting sidenote occurred during the trial. W.O. Temple held down two jobs, one as attorney for the defense, the other as journalist. At the end of each day, Temple sat down to record the events at court for the *Deadwood Independent*. As a reporter, he marveled at the sheer genius of the lawyer in charge of the case.

Over the years, Deadwood welcomed both the famous and the infamous. Some people, like Calamity Jane and Wild Bill Hickok, never left Deadwood. Others, like the Wild Bunch, never returned. Their lingering memory is a large part of the history that makes visiting Deadwood a fun experience today.

Donna B. Ernst is the author of Sundance, My Uncle, *and* From Cowboy to Outlaw. *Her husband, Paul D. Ernst, is a great, great-nephew of Harry A. Longabaugh, the Sundance Kid.*

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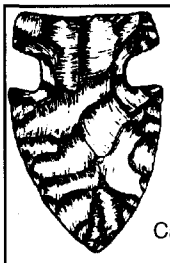

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The Sporting Crowd at OLD FORT GRIFFIN

By R.K. DeArment

Illustrated by Larry Willis and Sparky Moore

On a bluff overlooking the Clear Fork of the Brazos River in Shackelford County, Texas, the United States Army established a military post called Fort Griffin in 1867. Designed to protect settlers from marauding Indians, the fort had a short life. It was closed in 1881 when it became apparent that the defeat of the Indian Territory tribes in the Red River War of 1874-75 had discouraged them from further forays into Texas. An ugly town that sprang up on the Clear Fork flood plain below the bluff was officially called Fort Griffin also, but locally it was known simply as "The Flat." A provisioning, marketing, and recreational center for the military, buffalo hunters, and cowboy, The Flat survived only about ten years, but in that short period became notorious as the toughest town in Texas.

The sporting crowd that flocked in to provide the traditional boom camp diversions of boozing, gambling, and whoring contributed heavily to that notoriety, and provided old Fort Griffin with some of its most colorful characters and many of its legends, highly colored by red-hued violence.

For the first seven years after the establishment of the fort, there was little of the vice that later characterized The Flat. The town began as a trading point for the scattered settlers on the Upper Clear Fork of the Brazos. The first civilian store was opened by Sam Newcomb the year of the fort's founding, and the mercantile establishments of D.A. "Dutch" Nance and T.E. Jackson soon followed. Clear Fork settlers, typically hard-working, church-going types, came to The Flat in wagons with their wives and children to provision at the stores. Gambling, saloon carousing, and consorting with harlots were not on their program.

A rougher lot was also on hand: soldiers from the fort, bullwhackers and muleskinners, professional hunters under contract to supply meat for the garrison, cowboys from the rapidly expanding ranches of the area, and, of course, the ubiquitous outlaws who frequented all frontier outposts. These fellows wanted to partake of the traditional frontier pleasures: booze, betting, and broads. Joe Bowers opened the first saloon in The Flat, with a pal named John Murphy as his house gambler. Bowers' propensity for violence set the pattern for the sporting crowd in the turbulent years to follow.

Rufus Choate, assistant surgeon at Fort Griffin, who ministered to the wounds of several of Bowers' victims, described him as a "desperate and noted desperadoe [sic]." Cattleman Phin Reynolds, an early resident, agreed: "he was a bad man [who] was at Griffin only a short time, but while there killed two white men and one negro."

A feud that developed between Bowers and a man named J.B. Cockrell, led to gunplay on three separate occasions and finally Cockrell's death and Bowers' banishment from Griffin. In the first incident Bowers shot a horse out from under Cockrell. The two tangled again on February 18, 1872, when Cockrell, after losing heavily at John Murphy's gambling table, pulled a pistol and began shooting. Murphy and Bowers returned fire. Struck by several bullets, Cockrell managed to retreat from the saloon. He took up a position behind a pile of oak posts where, together with some supporters, he continued the fight, firing into the Bowers saloon. At last Cockrell broke off the engagement. His friends took him up the hill to the post infirmary where Dr. Choate attended to his wounds, which were severe enough to keep him in the hospital for two weeks.

By the Spring of 1872 there were two other saloons in The Flat, and upon his return Cockrell limited his patronage to the Bowers competition. For two months he kept clear of his enemy. Then, on May 3, he went on a binge, staggering back and forth between the two saloons, brandishing a rifle and boasting drunkenly that he intended to get even with Bowers. When he heard of the threat, Bowers seized a double-barreled shotgun, strode to the saloon, and blasted the life from Cockrell.

The bloodletting of Joe Bowers provoked Major W.H. Wood, commanding the garrison at Fort Griffin, to clamp down. Declaring The Flat part of the government reservation and under his jurisdiction, he ordered Bowers and the rest of the sporting fraternity to vacate. Some saloonmen, gamblers,

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and loose women moved across the Clear Fork. Others, including Bowers, struck out for new pastures.

In the two years following Major Wood's decree, the village under the hill was quiet. The storekeepers in The Flat tended to the needs of the settlers and the deadfalls across the Clear Fork catered to the wants of the rougher element. Then, in 1874, two events occurred that radically changed Griffin and brought about its metamorphosis into the toughest town in Texas.

Buffalo hunters, operating primarily out of Dodge City and harvesting hides on the plains of Kansas, had found the year previous, that, unbelievably, the seemingly limitless herds of bison were dwindling. The hugely profitable hide industry was threatened. In September 1873, two of these hunters, Jim White and Mike O'Brien, came to Griffin to scout out buffalo hunting prospects in north Texas. When they returned to Dodge with favorable reports, hidehunters streamed into the area the following spring. The invasion of their reserved hunting grounds led to an Indian uprising and the Red River War of 1874. The Indians were defeated and driven back to their reservations in the Indian Territory. This opened up the plains of northwestern Texas to the buffalo exterminators from Kansas, who made Griffin, situated on the edge of this new hunting ground, their headquarters.

The year 1874 saw also the organization of Shackelford County. The county seat was initially established at Fort Griffin, but was soon moved to Albany, a town more centrally located fifteen miles to the south. With responsibility for law enforcement now in the hands of county authorities, the military rescinded its edict of 1872 and saloons returned to The Flat. During the winter of 1874-75 while the campaign against the Indians still raged, buffalo hunters began arriving in Fort Griffin and provisioning for an assault on the Texas herds. On their heels came the sporting crowd, many of them veterans of the Dodge City debauch of the previous two seasons. New saloons and dance halls, mostly of jerry-built picket construction, sprouted along the single street running from Government Hill to the river crossing. The structures were crude, with poor lighting and ventilation, but the owners were not interested in permanence or comfort, for their customers, the hidemen, were equally crude. They engaged in a bloody, brutal industry of doubtful permanence with few comforts.

Within six months the sporting element was securely entrenched and notoriety of the town began. "I think the period from 1874 to 1880 at Fort Griffin was the toughest stretch of years any town ever experienced," said John C. Jacobs,

Cockrell, after losing heavily at John Murphy's gambling table, pulled a pistol and began shooting.

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who arrived at The Flat in 1872 and hunted buffalo and ran sheep on the surrounding ranges in partnership with John W. Poe. "There were more cold-blooded murders that went unnoticed and there were killings for which no trial was ever held."

Many other agreed. "It looked to me like all of the bad characters from everywhere were swarming around there," said John Chadbourne Irwin, an early resident of Shackelford county. "It got so tough there that I was afraid to ride down the streets."

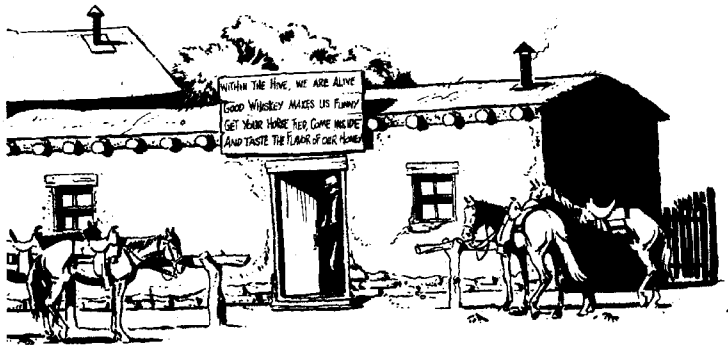
Cattleman H.H. Halsell had seen a lot of tough frontier sin centers, including Hell's Half Acre in Fort Worth and the notorious Kansas cowtowns of Abilene and Hunnewell, but non could compare to Griffin. "There were drunk soldiers, drunk Indians, drunks of all kinds. The place ran riot with booze, gambling and killing."

In his report of December 31, 1878, Texas Ranger Lieutenant G.W. Arrington said: "I have never known a town to demoralize men as bas as Griffin."

Union Pacific, fought professional ring battles at Cheyenne, Wyoming, and managed saloons in several Texas towns, most recently Jacksboro. In Griffin Shanssey ran the Bee Hive, and later, when the cowboy trade became important, also partnered Charley Meyer in the operation of another popular gambling saloon, the Cattle Exchange.

Professional gamblers drifted in and out of The Flat, most of them leaving no record of their passing except in the memories of Griffin old-timers. Many were known only by nicknames: Smoky Joe, Laripy Dan, Stovepipe Joe, Snakey Jim, Monte Bill, Lone Jack. Most were tin-horns, practically all were crooked, some were simply thieves. "The ordinary fellow did not have a ghost of a chance in those gambling halls," said Henry Herron. "Most all of the games were crooked, and if they could not get it one way they would get it another. Frequently they would get their victims drunk and 'roll' them and take it away from them that way."

A gambler named Ed Forrest received considerable press attention during his time at The Flat. He was described as "an



"Within the Hive, we are alive; Good whiskey makes us funny. Get your horse tied, come inside, And taste the flavor of our honey."

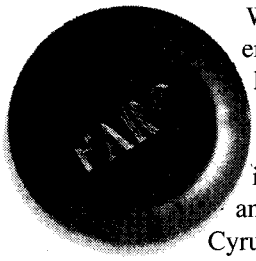
Many years later Henry Herron, who struck Griffin as a twenty-year-old in the summer of 1875, vividly recalled his first impression of the town. It was, he said, "the toughest place I had ever seen....I believe there were eight or ten saloons [and] several dance halls. The Bee Hive saloon and dance hall was the main one. Lewd women infested the shanties, which sprawled along the bank of the Clear Fork of the Brazos River."

The Bee Hive was one of the most substantial buildings in The Flat. Twice the size of most of its competitors, the combination saloon, gambling house, and dance hall was further distinguished by its unusual adobe construction. It would become the most notorious of Griffin's resorts. Buffalo hunter Frank Collinson called it "the most famous frontier saloon that ever graced or disgraced a town." Over its doorway was a picture of a large bee hive and an invitation:

> Within the Hive, we are alive;
> Good whiskey makes us funny.
> Get your horse tied, come inside,
> And taste the flavor of our honey.

Owen Donnelly and Patrick Carroll, saloonmen from Dallas, established the place, but early in 1876 sold it to a burly twenty-seven-year-old former pugilist named John H. Shanssey. A native of Maryland, Shanssey, moon-faced and hair-lipped, had come west as a construction worker for the

all-around sport [who] dressed well and loafed in the dance halls, gambling rooms and the saloons; played billiards, pool, and was a card sharp; always had a pocket full of money and was generous to a fault in spending it....The women pronounced him good-looking and the men voted him a jolly good fellow."



When enumerated in the 1880 federal census at Griffin, Forrest gave his age as twenty-eight and his profession as gambling. That same month he engaged in a gunfight involving Constable John Birdwell and a Fort Griffin butcher named Cyrus W. Abel, in which Abel was killed and Forrest wounded. About midnight on June 30, a man named Edgar Christianson was seated at a card table in The Palace, G.A. "Gus" Huber's saloon and billiard hall. Christianson exchanged some heated words with Forrest, who was playing billiards. Suddenly, Forrest struck Christianson over the head with his billiard cue and drew a pistol with the other hand. He was still beating the man when Constable Birdwell, followed by Abel, arrived on the scene.

"Forrest had a six-shooter in his right hand and the cue in the other," Birdwell later testified. "he raised his six-shooter and...cocked it to shoot me. I shot half a second...before he did....He did not fall so I shot again."

Abel then got into the action, exchanging fire with the

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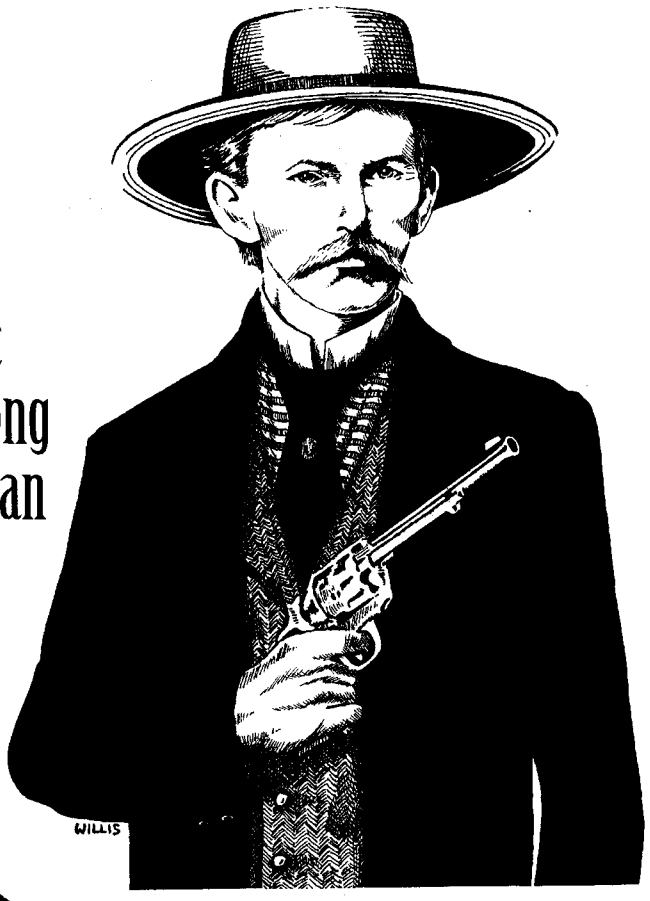
gambler. Forrest fell to the floor, gasping, "Don't shoot any more. I am killed." Abel, also wounded, staggered across the street to his butcher shop where he collapsed.

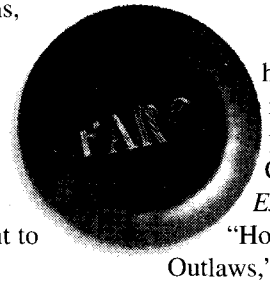
Dr. Ira J. Culver was called and found Abel in a dying condition. A bullet passed through his thigh, severing the femoral artery. Abel died within minutes from shock and loss of blood. Forrest had been struck in the left breast, the ball piercing the upper lobe of the lung and lodging underneath the skin of his left shoulder.



Quick tempered and a heavy drinker, Doc Holliday soon acquired a reputation among the sporting fraternity as a dangerous man to cross.

After recovery from his wound in the Fort Griffin military infirmary, Forrest was placed in the county jail at Albany and charged with the murder of Abel and resisting an officer. In September he was acquitted on the second charge but had to spend a year in jail before his trial for murder. Finally, on September 19, 1881, he was tried and acquitted of the murder of Cyrus Abel.

Forrest's back trail was a thicket of legal problems, however. Shortly after his arrest, an officer from Louisiana had arrived and tried to obtain custody of the prisoner, saying he was wanted for a murder in that state, but the Texas authorities refused to let him go. Then, immediately upon his release at Albany, officers of Kaufman County, Texas, placed Forrest under arrest on a charge of assault with intent to murder and took him to Kaufman for trial.



Ed Forrest, whose real name was said to be Joe Howell, was undoubtedly a dangerous gambler-gunman, but the member of that class best remembered today who showed up in Griffin during its wild period was John Henry "Doc" Holliday, dentist, gambler, gunfighter, and major figure in countless Wild West stories. Born in Georgia on August 14, 1851, Holliday went west in 1873, seeking a drier climate in which to combat the tuberculosis ravaging his lungs. At Dallas, Texas, he practiced dentistry in a desultory fashion while he honed his skills as a gambler. Quick tempered and a heavy drinker, Holliday soon acquired a reputation among the sporting fraternity as a dangerous man to cross. After a shooting scrape in Dallas he showed up in The Flat in 1875, but his stay was short. Arrested on June 12 and charged with playing cards "in a house in which spirituous liquors were sold," he quickly left town. Although one biographer concluded that Holliday "put up bail, hopped the first stage out of town, and was never seen in that particular hell-on-the-border again," there is convincing evidence that the consumptive dentist returned to The Flat, perhaps more than once.

He definitely was there, plying his duel trades as gambler and dentist in the winter of 1877-78, and it was during this period that one of the most enduring legends of the Old West had its genesis. The story first appeared in print in an article ostensibly authored Wyatt Earp, but probably ghost-written by reporter Robert Chambers, which appeared in the *San Francisco Examiner* of August 2, 1896. Modestly entitled "How Wyatt Earp Routed a Gang of Arizona Outlaws," the piece was later drawn on and embellished by writer Stuart Lake for his hugely successful biography of Earp, published in 1931. In his article Earp was quoted as saying that he trailed a gang of cattle thieves into Texas in 1877 and in a brief stop at Fort Griffin first met Doc Holliday and Big Nose Kate. When he returned to The Flat several months later he was told that Doc and Kate had departed in rather spectacular fashion, and Wyatt related the story to his readers.

Sitting in a poker game, Doc had admonished gambler Ed Bailey for "monkeying with the deadwood," or looking at the discards. When Bailey persisted, Holliday, in retaliation, raked in a pot without showing his hand. Bailey drew his gun, but before he could fire, Holliday jerked out a knife, "and with a sideways sweep...caught Bailey just below the brisket." Holliday was arrested and held in a hotel by several officers, while outside "a hundred miners and gamblers clamored for his blood." Big Nose Kate then went into action. She set a shed behind the hotel ablaze, began screaming "fire!" and in the ensuing commotion, threw down on the officers and rescued Doc at gunpoint. She and Doc hid out in the willows by the river until morning when a friend brought them two horses and a change of clothes. They then lit out for Dodge City.

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Thirty-five years later Stuart Lake retold this tale in his Earp biography with a few minor revisions. It has since been repeated many times in the vast Earp-Holliday literature and has been portrayed dramatically on television and motion picture screens. Unfortunately, there is nothing to confirm it behind Wyatt Earp's testimony, which is based on second-hand information and is otherwise suspect (Wyatt Earp must have known there were no *miners* in Fort Griffin).

In his controversial book on the Earps, Frank Waters dismissed the entire tale as fiction. Holliday biographer Pat Jahns thought it "a fine story," but found "hints and rumors and half-remembered stories" which place the affair in Caldwell and Hunnewell, Kansas, and perhaps happening to a couple other people entirely.

It is perhaps significant that a sketch of Holliday's life written by Bat Masterson in 1907 contained no reference to the Fort Griffin escapade. However Masterson did relate how Holliday, just before coming to Dodge City, with "a murderous looking knife...carved up the face and neck of one Bud Ryan, a quiet and gentlemanly looking sport, in a frightful manner." Bat said this affair took place in Denver, where in 1907 Ryan still lived, carrying "around with him the marks of his run-in with the frightening Holliday." Possibly Wyatt Earp or his ghost-writer took this incident, changed it's site to Fort Griffin, Doc's victim to "Ed Bailey," and added the melodramatic rescue by Big Nose Kate.

Although biographer Jahns had doubts that Holliday was even in The Flat during this period, there is abundant evidence that he was. In 1882 Holliday told a Denver newspaper reporter that he was in Fort Griffin when "twenty-four men were hung to one tree." Although somewhat exaggerated, Holliday's remark indicates that he was in The Flat about 1877, during the peak of the Shackleford county vigilante activity.

The memoirs of the woman known as "Big Nosed Kate" also confirm that she and Holliday were both in Griffin at this time. Born Mary Katherine Horony in the Pest section of Budapest, Hungary, on November 7, 1850, Kate was brought to the United States by her parents and raised in Davenport, Iowa. Shortly after the death of her parents in 1865, she ran off, married, and had a baby. When both husband and child died, she turned her face to the frontier. In the summer of 1874, under the name "Kate Elder," she was an inmate of a Wichita sporting house run by Bessie Earp, sister-in-law of Wyatt, whom she undoubtedly knew at this time. By the following year Kate had moved on to Dodge City where a census taker listed her as working in Tom Sherman's dance hall.

Kate was in her eighties when she read newspaper and magazine articles spawned by Stuart Lake's biography of Wyatt Earp. Incensed by what she saw as errors in fact and gross misrepresentations of herself and Holliday, she penned a short history of that period of her life spent with the consumptive gambler.

She said that she and Doc had been together at fort Griffin about four months when Earp showed up. Doc was practicing dentistry and gambling; her profession is not mentioned. Earp, she said, was not traveling alone, trailing outlaws, but was accompanied by his wife, Mattie. At Griffin he tried unsuccessfully to get a lawman's job, and moved on, leaving Mattie in The Flat for about a month before sending for her to join him in Fort Worth. Significantly, the memoirs include no mention of Doc' knifing of Ed Bailey or of a sensational rescue of Holliday by Kate.

Contemporary newspaper accounts and court records do not support the story, and these highly dramatic incidents are not mentioned by any of the early historians of Fort Griffin.

The sporting crowd that flocked in to provide the traditional boom camp diversions of boozing, gambling, and whoring contributed heavily to the notoriety, and provided old Fort Griffin with some of its most colorful characters....

There is no reference to Holliday, Bailey, Kate, or Earp in Don H. Biggers' seminal *Shackelford County Sketches*, published in 1908. Nor are any of them mentioned in Edgar Rye's *The Quirt and the Spur* which appeared a year later. Rye was a Shackelford County justice of the peace during these years and includes accounts of most of the violent episodes for which The Flat became notorious in the late 1870s.

Doc Holliday's sojourn at Fort Griffin has been confirmed, however, in the recollections of veterans of The Flat. Buffalo

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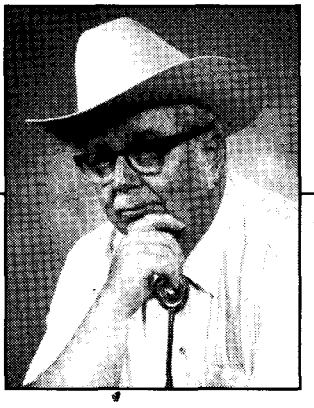
This Month's Featured Author:

Name: Robert K. DeArment
Date, Place of Birth: 8.29.25 Johnstown, PA
Educational Background: University of Toledo
Occupation:Retired businessman
Hometown: Sylvania, OH
Family: Wife, Rose; four grown children; seven grandchildren.
Publishing History: *Bat Masterson: The Man and the Legend* (1979); *Knights of the Green Cloth: The Saga of Frontier Gamblers* (1982); *George Scarborough: The Life and Death of a Lawman on the Closing Frontier* (1992); *Alias Frank Canton* (1996). Editer of six volumes on western history. Author of over fifty published articles.
First *True West* Article: "The County Seat War," October 1957.
Current Research/Projects: Working on three books (Jim Talbot; John Larn; Jim Courtright.)
Interests/Hobbies: "This is it."
Favorite Western Movie: *The Westerner*
Currently Reading: *Gold Dust & Gunsmoke*, by John Boessenecker.
Favorite Quote: "They all wore gray hats."
Thoughts on Western History: "The best stuff on outlaw/lawman history is being written and published right now. But the forerunners, Burns, Lake, and the like, should be honored and not denigrated."



hunter Sam Baldwin remembered him as "a tall, slim fellow [with] a Southern drawl. His hair was almost red and he was blue-eyed. Didn't have a mustache. I knew him well." Baldwin recalled nothing of a fatal fight with Ed Bailey or a late night escape; his most vivid memory of Holliday at The Flat had to do with a foot race.

"Along about the early spring of '78, there was a bunch of race horse gamblers come into Fort Griffin," he recalled. When they could not promote any horse race action, they set up a foot race, matching their own fleet-footed runner, known as "Sugar Foot," against Sam Diedrich, who claimed to be something of a foot racer. Few gave Diedrich a chance against Sugar Foot but the visiting gamblers were secretly taking the odds and betting against their own man. "Doc Holliday looked the situation over and thought it was a put-up job," said Baldwin. Just as the race was about to start, Holliday produced a double-barreled shotgun and announced: "There are sixteen buckshot in each barrel and I am going to empty it into Sugar Foot if he don't win it!" Said Baldwin: "That fellow fairly flew. By golly, he did fly! Doc walked over and said, 'I knowed he could beat him.'"

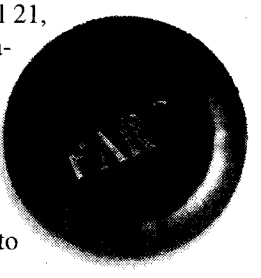
John Jacobs remembered both Doc Holliday and Big Nose Kate in Griffin. Holliday, he said, "was a hard drinker and dangerous man when in his 'cups.' Of an irascible disposition, he had but few friends in Fort Griffin....He could at times be the most genteel, affable chap you ever saw, and at other times he was sour and surly, and would just as soon cut your throat with a villainous looking knife he always carried, or shoot you with a .41-calibre double-barreled derringer he always kept in his vest pocket."

Jacobs remembered seeing Big Nose Kate, whom he described as "a notoriously lewd character," tangle with Lottie Deno, another female of the Fort Griffin sporting world, over Holliday. When Kate accused Lottie of trying to win the affections of her paramour, both women pulled guns secreted in their clothing. "Doc Holliday placed himself between the two infuriated women and thus prevented a tragedy," said Jacobs.

Lottie Deno was a professional gambling woman who had dealt her games at Jacksboro before coming to Griffin, as had Holliday, and Jacobs said there was talk that the two arrived together on the same stage. Rumors that Doc and Lottie were lovers were unfounded, he said. "It is true that they both engaged in gambling operations, sometimes against each other, Lottie in the Bee Hive and Doc Holliday in the Cattle Exchange, and sometimes both worked together...." Jacobs reported seeing one memorable faro game in which Holliday and Lottie Deno went head to head. After Holliday won over three thousand dollars and the layout from house dealer Mike Fogarty of the Bee Hive, Lottie, who had been acting as Fogarty's lookout, asked Holliday if he would give her the opportunity to recoup the losses. Holliday agreed and the game was resumed with a fifty dollar limit. "The game did not last very long," said Jacobs, "for Lottie Deno copped every bet, and left Holliday completely strapped, for the time being at least, for he was not one to let poor luck get him down and keep him there. He got into a poker game the next night and won $500 and a diamond ring from an army officer stationed at the fort."

Lottie Deno was one of the most memorable characters of old Fort Griffin. Edgar rye remembered her as "an attractive, medium-sized woman, with an abundance of dark, red hair and black sparkling eyes. She always appeared well dressed and walked with the air of a perfect lady." She was described by John Jacobs, who came to know her well, as "on the portly side, a fine looker, and in manners a typical Southern lady....She was so unapproachable that very few people, other than those of the gambling fraternity, became intimately acquainted with her." A lone wolf operator, she "was truly a diplomat and stood apart from the rabble."

The woman known as Lottie Deno was born Carlotta J. Thompkins at Warsaw, Kentucky, on April 21, 1844. The daughter of a prosperous plantation owner and member of the state legislature, she had a genteel Southern upbringing. When the Civil War destroyed her way of life, she ran off to the West with an itinerant gambler. The marriage soured and she left her husband to



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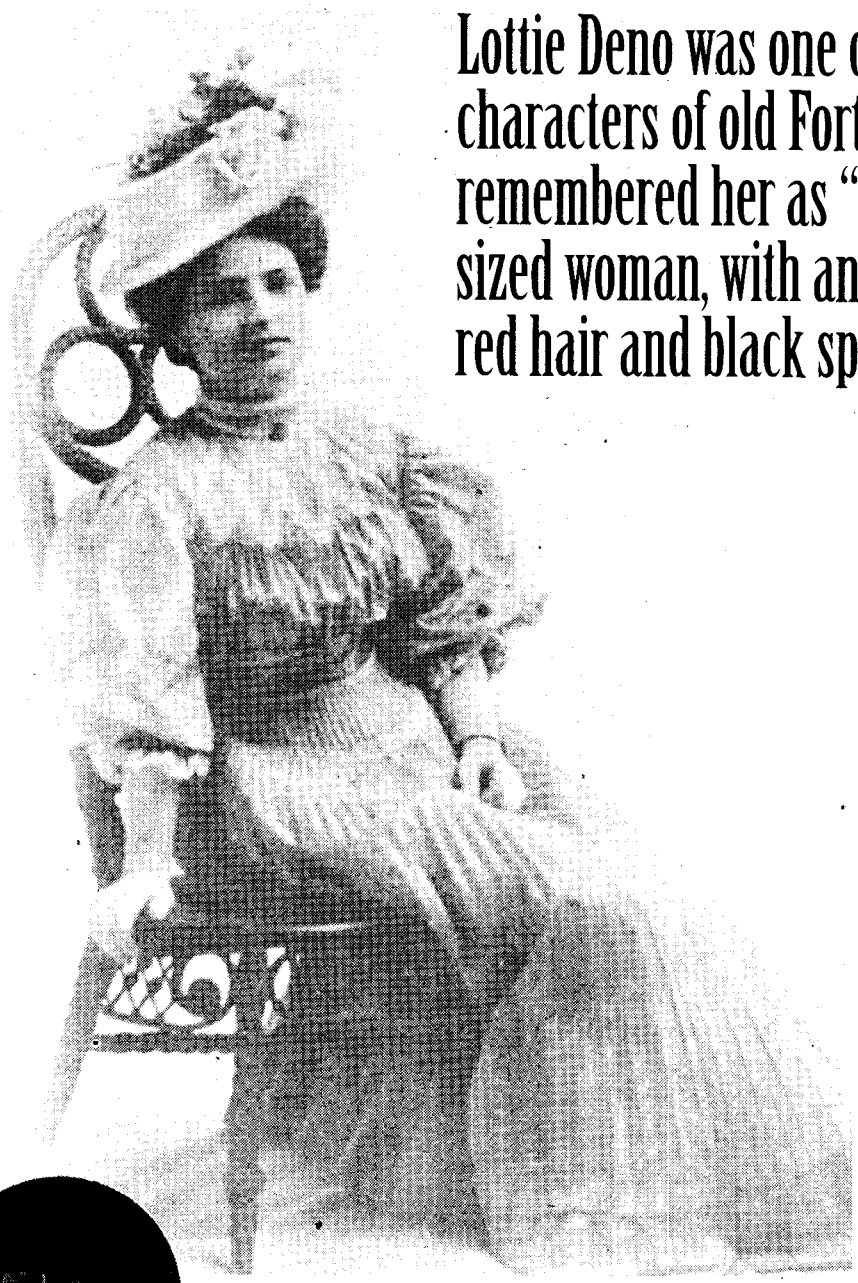

Photo from author's collection

Lottie Deno was one of the most memorable characters of old Fort Griffin. Edgar Rye remembered her as "an attractive, medium-sized woman, with an abundance of dark, red hair and black sparkling eyes...."

pursue her own career as a professional gambler. At San Antonio she first became known as "Lottie Deno," a name, it is said, that derived from a gambler's exclamation that seemed to have "Lotta Dinero," or plenty of money. Always mysterious and unapproachable, she was tagged with the sobriquet "Mystic Maude" at Fort Concho, Texas. In Griffin she lived alone in a little adobe house on the edge of town. Although mostly remembered as a gambler, Sam Baldwin recalled that she also ran a dance hall. Unlike other veterans of The Flat, Baldwin was not greatly impressed by her beauty. She was, he said, a "hawk nosed little red headed sort of woman, and round faced."

A story exemplifying Lottie's cool courage in the midst of The Flat's violence was recounted by Edgar Rye. One night gamblers Monte Bill and Smoky Joe went head-to-head in a high-stakes poker game. Onlookers crowded around their table while Lottie Deno unobtrusively dealt out her faro cards to a few patrons at a table in the corner. Suddenly, a dispute arose over a big pot and Monte Bill and Smoky Joe went for their pistols. Gunfire roared as spectators rushed for the exits. Sheriff Bill Cruger arrived a few minutes later to find a room full of smoke, the dead bodies of Monte Bill and Smoky Joe stretched out on the floor, and Lottie Deno calmly seated at her faro table. Cruger remarked that he believed he would have cleared out with the rest when the shooting started. "Perhaps," Lottie responded, "but you are not a desperate woman."

According to a story that circulated in The Flat, when Lottie left, she took with her the poker pot over which Monte Bill and Smoky Joe had fought, an amount totaling more than a thousand dollars.

Lottie Deno had few female friends in Griffin. She kept her distance from the soiled doves of the cribs and the courtesans of the dance halls and her life provided little or no contact with "respectable" women. John Jacobs said there was a wife of an army sergeant who sometimes would drive a buggy down from the fort and visit her in her little cabin.

As for men, Henry Herron stated flatly that Lottie was the mistress of John Shanssey. Any sexual relationship between the proprietor of the Bee Hive and his attractive house dealer had to be clandestine, for Shanssey's wife was a notorious virago, a former sporting woman known as Nell St. Clair who was so intimidating that even tough old buffalo hunter J. Wright Mooar would cross a street rather than meet her. "She had half a dozen men killed, maybe more," Wright said.

In the summer of 1877 a young gambler named Johnny Golden stepped off the stage in Griffin. When she saw him, Lottie Deno was visibly shaken. Although she never admitted it, John Jacobs suspected Golden was her ne'er-do-well husband. On the night of July 20, 1877, City Marshal Bill Gilson and Deputy Sheriff Jim Draper arrested Golden in Shanssey's saloon on a charge that was never clearly explained. They marched their prisoner toward the fort's stockade, but had gone only two blocks when shots rang out and Johnny Golden was dead.

At a hearing before a justice of the peace the officers were

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cleared on their unrefuted testimony that Golden had tried to escape. The word in the saloons of Fort Griffin was that John Shanssey wanted Golden dead and had paid $250 to secure his sudden demise.

Despite what Lottie Deno may have thought of Johnny Golden, she was dismayed by his killing. She gave John Jacobs sixty-five dollars to buy a coffin and a burial suit for the dead gambler, although she was not present at his sparsely attended funeral service at the town cemetery.

One day in May 1878 Lottie disappeared from The Flat. No one witnessed her departure, for she caught the Fort Concho stage about a mile out of town. After a few days, when she did not show up at her customary gambling haunts, Sheriff Cruger went to her little adobe house. There he found tidy feminine furnishings all in order and a note pinned to the bedspread: "Sell this outfit and give the money to some one [sic] in need of assistance."

Lottie Deno, who stood apart from the sporting women of The Flat because of her gambling skills, natural gentility, and refusal to join the prostitute ranks, was well-remembered. Little is known about most of the females who frequented the deadfalls of Fort Griffin. There appears to have been no brothel in Griffin like Mollie McCabe's "Palace of Beautiful Sin" which graced Jacksboro during this period, but the dance halls at Griffin could compete with any whorehouse for rampant licentiousness. "I've seen men and women dancing there in the dance halls without a bit of clothing on," said buffalo hunter J.W. Woody.

The soiled doves who worked the saloons and dance halls of The Flat were for the most part veterans of a frontier prostitution circuit. As J. Wright Mooar put it: "The girls didn't just drift there....They just made a grand circuit [following] the boom places. A fellow like me that went to Dodge, Hays, Griffin, Colorado City, would likely see them at all them places."

After their night's work in the dance halls of Fort Griffin, these women operated independently, negotiating financial arrangements for their additional favors. To consummate the transaction, they took paying customers to the shacks along the river where they lived. This parade to the river could be irritating to others. "Night has been made hideous several times during the past week by drunken men and women parading the streets until a late hour and indulging in loud, boisterous, vulgar and profane language," complained the editor of the *Fort Griffin Echo*. "Dry it up."

These women were frequently arrested, not for prostitution, but for fighting or indulging in vulgar and profane language. They were booked and fined under their "professional" name, often nothing more than a nickname. Recurring in the court dockets are the names "Long Kate," "Big Billy," Ellen Gentry, Minnie Gray, Sally Watson, Lou Baker, Lizzie Harvey, Anna Long, Nannie Rivers, Annie Holden, Lizzie Lee, Ellen Anderson, Sadie Rush, Lizzie Chapman, Annie Williams, Jennie Knoles, Annie Timmons, and Sallie Cruse.

"Annie," "Lizzie," and "Minnie" were popular pseudonyms among the frontier demimonde during this period, but it is suspected that the frequency of their appearance may be due to the girls' changing of their last names as they attached, at least temporarily, to one man; thus Lizzie Harvey, Lizzie Lee, and Lizzie Chapman may have been the same person. During one if its cleanup campaigns, the Fort Griffin vigilantes, in April 1870, included Minnie Gray in a list of undesirables who were warned to get out of town. A few days later Minnie avoided expulsion and attained a degree of respectability by marrying the notorious outlaw, "Hurricane Bill" Martin. For the marriage record she gave her real name, Jessie Tye, but she was known thereafter in The Flat as Minnie Martin or "Hurricane Minnie," and that was the way she was later identified in newspaper reports and on the police blotters. Sam Baldwin recalled Minnie as "a good looking woman. A stout woman, but not overly so. The best looking woman around Fort Griffin."

A woman known only as "The Great Eastern, big as all outdoors," was another memorable habitué of The Flat. Still another was Kate Gamble, known as "Indian Kate," or sometimes "Comanche Kate," daughter of a Comanche warrior and a black slave woman. Kate's husband, a mysterious black man called "Cato," spent much of his time with the Comanche tribe and it was thought joined them in raids on the white settlements. Kate Gamble lived with her daughter, Mag, in a shanty on the Clear Fork and her place became a notorious hangout for the outlaws who came to infest the area.

The town of Fort Griffin faded and died almost as fast as it developed. With the threat of Indian raids eliminated, the U.S. Army abandoned the fort in May 1881. Like the roving Indian war parties, the buffalo by this time had vanished from the plains of Texas. Railroads were stretching across Texas, spelling the demise of the stagecoach lines. The great cattle drives to Kansas would soon be only a romantic memory. Soldiers, muleskinners, bullwhackers, hidehunters, and cattle drovers disappeared from the streets of The Flat and with them went the sporting crowd who had both entertained and prayed on them.

Doc Holliday went on to gain immortality as the sidekick of Wyatt Earp in Tombstone, Arizona, before the tuberculosis eating at his lungs finally killed him at Glenwood Springs, Colorado, on November 8, 1887. His paramour, Big Nose Kate, married a man named George M. Cummings after Doc's death and lived the remainder of her life in obscurity. She died at the Pioneer's Home in Prescott, Arizona, November 2, 1940. Lottie Deno married gambler Frank Thurmond and settled in Deming, New Mexico, where she was known as Charlotte Thurmond. She died there on February 9, 1934. John Shanssey kept saloons and resorts in a number of border towns before making his permanent residence at Yuma, Arizona, where he was elected mayor. He died in Los Angeles, California, on August 21, 1907.

Others of the sporting gentry, the Stovepipe Joes, Snakey Jims, Lone Jacks, and associated Annies, Lizzies, and Minnies, drifted off to the next boom camp and eventually into that obscurity from which they emerged to make their colorful contribution to the brief history of old Fort Griffin.

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TRUE WEST INTERVIEWS LARRY McMURTRY ABOUT HIS NEW NOVEL...

Crazy H

Like the sky that stretches far and wide across the Great Plains, so too does the spirit of the great Sioux warrior Crazy Horse. In South Dakota, his image continues to emerge from a mountainside in the Black Hills, in the form of a monumental sculpture begun by Korczak Ziolkowski in 1947. Once completed, the visage of Crazy Horse will tower high above the land he once roamed.

The first in a new series of short biographies published by Penguin Lives is a look at the life of Crazy Horse. Larry McMurtry, whose previous works include The Last Picture Show and the Pulitzer Prize-winning Lonesome Dove, was tapped for Penguin's first project, entitled Crazy Horse. McMurtry discussed the release of the book, which is the first such biography of the Indian leader to be released in the last fifty years.

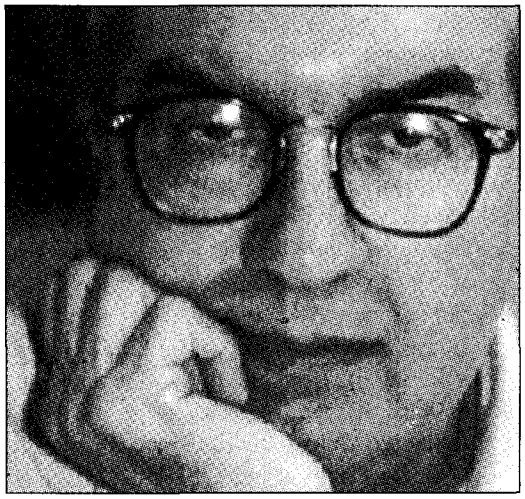
True West: What prompted you to write a biography on Crazy Horse given the majority of your past, popular work has been fiction?

Larry McMurtry: I was asked by James Atlas [general editor, Penguin Lives] to do a volume in the new Viking-Penguin brief lives series. I chose Crazy Horse. I have done two books of nonfiction, not to mention a lot of uncollected journalism.

TW: Any biographer that selects Crazy Horse as a subject must work with limited source material. How did you overcome this problem?

LM: It was a *short* life, remember. What I did was evaluate the skinny source material and write a short biography—as I said, it was necessary to make the best guesses I could in many cases.

TW: How did the vision Crazy Horse experience as a youth, effect his later life?



LM: It told him to dress the way that he dressed; he wore no ornamentation other than a small stone tied behind his ear and a single feather in his hair. He tried to follow the way the dream told him to be and to help the elderly among his tribe. The vision also instructed him to be charitable with the poor and to keep little or nothing for himself.

TW: How does your biogra-

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phy of Crazy Horse differ from that of Mari Sandoz's well-known 1942 *Crazy Horse: The Strange Man of the Oglalas*?

LM: Well, mine is much shorter in comparison. Also, unlike Sandoz's work, it is not written from the Sioux point of view. In researching the life of Crazy Horse there was no longer members of his tribe still living who would be able to provide firsthand knowledge about the Sioux warrior. Therefore, I didn't interview anybody as did Mari Sandoz.

TW: How accurate are the He Dog and Chips interviews [Collected by Mari Sandoz and journalist Elinor H. Hinman in 1930-31] in regard to Crazy Horse?

LM: That is extremely hard to answer because they were men in their nineties and Crazy Horse had been dead more than fifty years when they spoke to Mari Sandoz. I imagine they had good memories, but even the best memory is apt to embroider, exaggerate, or slip a little over the course of fifty or sixty years, so I don't know. Sandoz believed that both of their stories were quite accurate.

TW: The bravery exhibited by Crazy Horse in battle made him a legend in his day among the plains tribes. What is your assessment of his military skills?

LM: There is no way to assess his military skills. I am not, in any case, a military historian but if I were it wouldn't help much. Aside from his successful feint at the Fetterman massacre, there are no *ironclad* descriptions of his behavior in a major battle. The Little Bighorn Battle is still a matter of conjecture.

TW: Which of the many accounts of the killing of Crazy Horse in 1877 do you believe to be most accurate?

LM: I think they are all impressionistic—none has clear priority.

TW: Do you believe your biography has contributed to our knowledge of the life of Crazy Horse?

LM: Well, I think it is intuitive, but it is too early to assess the level of contribution right now because the book has only recently been released. Once the book has been out ten to fifteen years or a generation then you can say it's had this effect or that effect on a better understanding of Crazy Horse. Right now I'm not able to determine what effect it's had.

TW: How will Crazy Horse be remembered by future generations of the Sioux people?

LM: Right now he is remembered as a symbol of Sioux resistance and as a man who was quite unique. He really lived his life in a traditional Sioux manner and didn't compromise much with the whites. I don't know how Crazy Horse will be remembered years from now, but the mountain will be there, that we know.

Chris Roberts made his True West *debut in June 1997, with "A Billy the Kid News Item."*

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HE DIED GAME

By Harold L. Edwards

Guilty of first degree murder, Patrick Coughlin stood before the court in Ogden, Utah, to hear the consequences of his crime. Coughlin was not optimistic, though neither was he surprised when the court ordered the supreme penalty. The Territory of Utah provided condemned prisoners the option of death by hanging or by shooting, and the court asked Coughlin his choice of execution. Calmly, pointedly, and without emotion, Coughlin responded: "I'll take lead."

Coughlin's trail leading to this day in court began with horse theft and ended with murder during the summer of 1895. He and Frederick George stole two horses in Summit County and rode them into Salt Lake City. Once in Salt Lake, they made the acquaintance of A.D. Bruce, a footloose young man who had a few dollars to spend. Coughlin and George persuaded Bruce to accompany them to Wyoming to find work. He agreed to go with them, and Coughlin and George stole a horse from John Rule before leaving Salt Lake City.

Patrick Coughlin, as illustrated in the August 2, 1895, *Salt Lake City Tribune.*

During the first day of the trip, one of the stolen Summit County horses died, which hampered the trio's transportation. Bruce became disillusioned with his partners when they broke into a house and not only stole supplies for their trip, but took useless objects for no apparent reason. Bruce remonstrated with them, when Coughlin and George pointed out that they were going to Wyoming to steal horses, not to work. Bruce refused to continue and Coughlin and George demanded of Bruce's horse, his money, and his rifle. In fear of his companions, Bruce handed over his belongings. As Coughlin and George rode on toward Wyoming, Bruce trudged back to Salt Lake City, feeling fortunate to be alive.

Bruce reported his experiences to law enforcement officers and identified his former companions. Two deputy sheriffs immediately followed the trail of the thieves. Officers in the surrounding counties and Evanston, Wyoming, were

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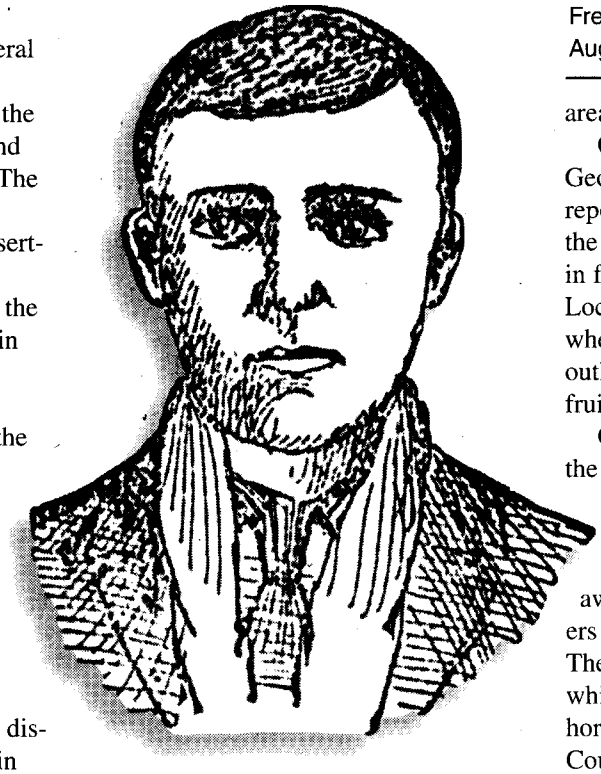
informed of the thefts and the general whereabouts of the thieves.

On July 26, a posse discovered the outlaws' trail in Summit County and pursued it along the Weber River. The officers finally arrived at a sheep herder's camp, which appeared deserted. As the posse moved cautiously toward the herder's wagon, one of the lawmen saw Coughlin with a gun in his hands. The officer shouted for Coughlin to surrender, just as Coughlin snapped a quick shot at the lawman. The shot missed, and the officer returned fire, missing the young outlaw. George opened fire on the posse from some nearby brush, and a sharp gunfight ensued. The posse pulled back, allowing the outlaws to escape.

Posses scoured the surrounding districts for the fugitives, but Coughlin and George appeared to have vanished. On July 30, a man named Allison was searching for the outlaws near the Wyoming border when he suddenly came across them. Coughlin and George were riding jaded horses, and they asked Allison if he would be willing to trade for his two horses. The quick-thinking Allison told the outlaws that he was on his way to get a doctor. If they would be willing to wait for him at a nearby rancher's cabin he would swap horses with them on his return trip. The unaware outlaws agreed to Allison's proposal. Allison then rode to Echo, where he reported the outlaws' whereabouts to Constable Thomas Stagg.

A posse consisting of Constable Stagg, Deputy Sheriffs Robert Calverly and William Taylor of Uinta County, Wyoming, and N.E. Dawes, the ex-marshal of Evanston, Wyoming, traveled to the Palmer ranch in a horse-drawn vehicle, arriving there during the night of July 30. About daybreak of July 31, an energetic gunfight erupted between the outlaws and the posse. Constable Stagg and N.E. Dawes were shot and killed. Although Calverly received a minor wound in the arm, he and Taylor continued the battle until they exhausted their ammunition. When the reinforced posse returned to the cabin, the outlaws had escaped.



Frederick George, as illustrated in the August 2, 1895, *Salt Lake City Tribune*.

The killings of Stagg and Dawes angered local citizens and law enforcement officers. The killings proved that outlaws would not hesitate to shoot their way clear of capture. Both outlaws were well armed, as they had stripped the bodies of Stagg and Dawes of arms and ammunition before they left the Palmer ranch. One of the greatest manhunts of Territorial Utah was about to begin.

Meanwhile, Coughlin and George abandoned their attempt to ride into Wyoming, and turned back toward the Great Salt Lake. Evading the law for some time, they were finally sighted by a posse on the morning of August 1, 1895. Led by Salt Lake County Deputy Sheriff O.P. Pratt, the posse engaged the two murderers and another gunfight ensued. The only casualties amounted to a horse on each side. Since the fugitives' remaining horse was too exhausted to ride, the two outlaws fled on foot into the brush.

Two days later, George showed up at a farm near East Mill Creek. He approached a young girl and asked if she would go to the nearby Crosby and George store and fetch his brother. The frightened girl instead reported the incident to her mother. By the time a posse arrived at the scene, the outlaw had departed. The lawmen searched the area in vain.

On the morning of August 4, 1895, George Cook and Joseph Mantell reported that their horses were stolen the previous night from the hitch rack in front of Murray, Utah's, U.P. Saloon. Local lawmen and citizens in the area where alerted to the presence of the outlaws, but an intense hunt proved fruitless.

On August 5, 1895, the foreman of the Richville Mine arrived in Salt Lake City, and reported a teamster named Davis had been sleeping on the road to Grantsville. Davis was awakened about 3:00 AM by two riders asking directions to Grantsville. Their horses were large and heavy, which matched the descriptions of the horses stolen in Murray. The Salt Lake County officers were certain the riders were Coughlin and George, and alerted the Tooele County lawmen.

Guards were posted along the road to Grantsville in hopes of intercepting the outlaws. About 11:00 PM on August 5, an employee of the Third Term Mine informed two road guards that it was useless to continue guarding that point. The outlaws had already slipped past. Ruel Barres went on to say that earlier in the evening the outlaws appeared at his cabin and had supper with him before they moved into nearby South Willow Canyon.

The guards immediately rode into Grantsville and reported the latest information about the fugitives. A posse consisting of F.F. Worthington, John Rydalch, Richard Rydalch, H.E. Booth, Jr., J.J. Anderson, and A.G. Sandberg left Grantsville for the Third Term Mine. At the same time, two riders were dispatched to Tooele to notify Sheriff John McKellar of the outlaws' suspected whereabouts. At the Third Term Mine, Ruel Barres joined the posse, and restated that the outlaws were in South Willow Canyon.

Riding through the canyon, the posse observed a horse grazing undisturbed. A rider wasn't seen, but the posse men concluded at least one man was nearby. They moved on until they saw a clump of brush. Taking no chances, the posse surrounded the

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brush, where they felt one or two individuals might be concealed. At daybreak, one man was seen, and the posse fired a number of shots into the brush to flush him out into the open. The man stepped from the brush with his hands over his head and stated he was Patrick Coughlin.

The fugitive asked if the possemen were officers and said this was the first opportunity he had to surrender. According to Coughlin, previous officers had opened fire before he and George had a chance to surrender. Coughlin also feared lynching and asked for protection, which the posse guaranteed him. He was handcuffed and placed under guard while the remaining members of the posse prepared to search for Frederick George. At this moment, Sheriff McKellar and eight men arrived to reinforce the posse.

Sheriff McKellar's group consisted of Tooele County Attorney C.B. McBride, Grantsville City Marshal J.P. Meacham, Tom Marsden, John Gordon, William Telkington, James Gowans, Ralph Shields, and Charles McKellar. Coughlin was brought forward and Sheriff McKellar asked him to locate George and induce him to surrender. The grim sheriff informed Coughlin that if George refused to give up, the posse would "pop him full of holes."

When the posse got to some brush, about 500 yards down the canyon, Coughlin shouted several times for George to surrender. As the posse prepared to shoot into the brush, George came out with his hands over his head. George was handcuffed and escorted out of the canyon with Coughlin.

Sheriff McKellar's posse hadn't gone far when they met the buggies of Salt Lake County Sheriff Harvey Hardy's posse. The prisoners were transferred to Sheriff Hardy and the entire combined group traveled on to Grantsville, arriving there late on August 6, 1895. That night the prisoners were moved to the jail in Salt Lake City.

During the manhunt for Coughlin and George, the newspapers produced a running commentary on the search. They also printed some personal information about the outlaws. At least initially, they came close to presenting the outlaws as wayward boys who had gone awry. At the time, Coughlin was twenty-four; George was twenty. Frederick George was a troubled youth who had completed a program in a reform school, and Coughlin was a hardened criminal who was an ex-convict of the Utah Territorial prison. Coughlin had been convicted in the Fifth District Court in April 1891, for burglary. His term was one year. He entered the institution on April 10, 1891, and he was released on April 10, 1892. During his youth, he was a candidate for serious trouble. A lawman in Park City informed the young man that if he didn't change his ways he would "end up in a tight box." The warning was prophetic.

SALT LAKE COUNTY charged Coughlin and George with the theft of John Rule's horse. For good measure, they also charged A.D. Bruce with the crime. The outlaws were then charged with stealing the two horses in Murray, one of which they had in their possession at the time of their arrests. It also appeared the murders of Stagg and Dawes occurred in Summit County and was, therefore, under the jurisdiction of the Fifth District Court. Coughlin and Dawes were then charged with murder.

On August 7, 1895, the suited, shaved, and heavily guarded prisoners appeared before Court Commissioner Morris Sommer on charges of stealing horses and murder. A.D. Bruce was brought into the courtroom a few moments later. The Powers law firm represented Coughlin and George and Attorney H.A. Smith was appointed to defend Bruce. The prisoners waived the reading of the complaints and pleaded not guilty to the charges.

A joint preliminary examination followed on the theft of John Rule's horse. Bruce turned evidence for the Territory and described his experiences with Coughlin and George in detail, including the theft of Rule's horse. John Rule testified that his horse had been stolen in Salt Lake City. Deputy O.P. Pratt stated he couldn't identify Coughlin and George as the outlaws he exchanged shots with at City Creek Canyon, but the description he gave of one their horses matched that of Rule's stolen mount. The court commissioner held the defendants for action by the grand jury. Bail was set at $1,500 each.

Preliminary examinations were then held for Coughlin and George for the horse thefts in Murray. Joseph Mantell and George Cook testified that they rode their horses into Murray and tied their mounts to the hitch rack in front of the U.P. Saloon. When they later returned to the hitch rack, their horses were missing and they reported them stolen. They gave descriptions of their horses. Mantell stated he recovered his horse near South Willow Canyon in Tooele County; Cook reclaimed his mount in the city of Tooele. Freeman Nickerson testified he met Coughlin and George at the Third Term Mine near South Willow Canyon, and described their horses. The descriptions matched those of the stolen animals. Freeman Nickerson went on to say that he traded horses with George; consequently, the horse George had in his possession at the time of his arrest belonged to Nickerson. Apparently, Mantell recovered his horse from Nickerson. The defendants were held for action by the grand jury and bail was again set at $1,500 each.

Coughlin and George were not provided a preliminary hearing on the murder charges because the venue of the cases was in doubt. General opinion was the murders occurred in Rich County, about a mile and one-half north of the Summit County line. If this was true, the case would be heard in the Fourth District Court in Ogden rather than the Fifth District Court in Salt Lake City. While the true location of the murders was examined, Coughlin and George remained in the Salt Lake County jail. Bruce posted bond and was released.

A party consisting of United States Attorneys J.T. Richards and W.L. Maginnis, Weber County Sheriff Heber Wright, and a surveyor named Bethel went to the scene of the murders. From the results of a survey, as well as from statements from the property owners, it was determined the Palmer ranch was in Rich County. The defendants' preliminary hearings would be held in the Fourth District Court.

Despite the objections of Commissioner Sommer and Salt Lake County Sheriff Hardy, the prisoners were to be

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transferred to Ogden to face murder charges. During the evening of August 10, Coughlin and George were advised in the Salt Lake jail they were about to be moved to Ogden. Coughlin replied: "What the hell do we care? I suppose they all want a crack at us." Their court appearance in Ogden was scheduled for August 13, 1895.

On the morning of August 13, the prisoners were arraigned on murder charges and pleaded not guilty. Later in the day, a joint preliminary examination was held. Due to the seriousness of the charges, Prosecutor Maginnis insisted the defendants be represented by legal counsel. The commissioner concurred and Attorneys A.B. Hayes and T.D. Johnson were appointed for the defense.

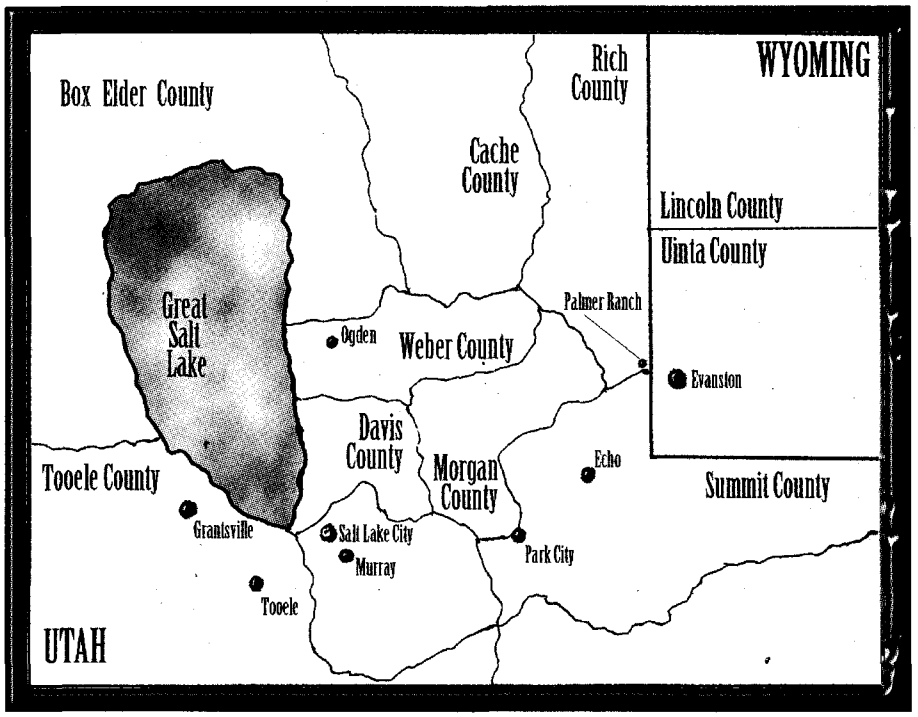
Deputy Sheriff Robert Calverly testified he was present when Constable Stagg and N.E. Dawes were killed at Palmer's ranch. He stated he saw a man in the cabin doorway with a gun in his hands. The man leveled his gun at Deputy Taylor, at which point Calverly fired his rifle at the man. The man left the doorway and then fired a number of shots at them from the cabin's window. The posse was also fired upon by a man on a nearby hill. Calverly said the individual in the cabin shot and killed Dawes, but the lawman didn't witness Stagg's murder.

Deputy William Taylor testified that he witnessed a person in the cabin doorway, and the exchange of gunfire between the outlaw and Deputy Calverly. The man dodged back into the cabin and closed the door, firing again from a window in the cabin. At one point, Taylor saw a man lying on a nearby hill, shooting at them. Taylor heard a shot and saw Dawes fall to the ground. While running toward the cabin, he heard another shot and he saw Stagg collapse. He and Calverly exhausted their ammunition during the gunfight and they had to retreat.

Weber County Sheriff Heber Wright testified he talked with Coughlin at some length before transporting the prisoner from the Salt Lake County jail to Ogden. Without threats or promises, Coughlin said he and George were asleep in the cabin when the officers arrived. Without warning, the posse opened fire on the cabin. Coughlin saw a man from the window. He fired at the individual and hit him. He and George knew they were going to have to fight their way out of the trap. They climbed out of the cabin through a window and escaped to a nearby hill, where they continued the gun battle with the officers. The officers retreated, and the outlaws rode away.

Frederick George was also found guilty of murder, and he was sentenced to life in Utah's Territorial prison. He entered the institution on November 3, 1895, and was paroled on December 20, 1909.

On December 12, 1896, Coughlin was released from prison to the custody of Rich County Sheriff A.H.



During his conversation with Sheriff Wright, Coughlin denied he and George had killed Constable Stagg.

The court commissioner held the defendants without bail for the grand jury. Subsequently, the grand jury found a true bill against Coughlin and George. The two outlaws were brought to trial during October 1895. Coughlin was tried first. From the beginning, he maintained he didn't kill Stagg and that he killed Dawes in self-defense. Most, if not all, of the witnesses who testified in the prior hearings testified again. On October 30, the jury found Coughlin guilty of first degree murder, and he was sentenced to death by firing squad. Coughlin appealed his conviction through the higher courts. While waiting for the outcome of his appeal, he was housed in the Utah penitentiary. He entered the institution on October 30, 1895. During his stay in prison, Coughlin applied for commutation of sentence, which the governor denied. Ultimately, his appeal also failed.

Dickson. Coughlin was transported back to the Ogden court, where the judge set the date for December 15, 1896. Pending his execution, Coughlin was allowed one last visit with his mother.

The court ordered Sheriff Dickson to execute Coughlin in the jail yard, or some private place within the jurisdictional area of the court. The site chosen for the execution was in a remote part of Rich County, about twenty-five miles due north of the Palmer ranch. Although the execution was held in a remote location to avoid the curious, newspapers reported over two hundred viewers present to watch the outlaw's demise.

The preparations for the event were made early, before the crowd arrived. A common, wooden chair was secured to the ground by long wooden stakes, which braced the chair upright. The chair faced a tent, which was about thirty feet away. The closed tent concealed the five members of the firing

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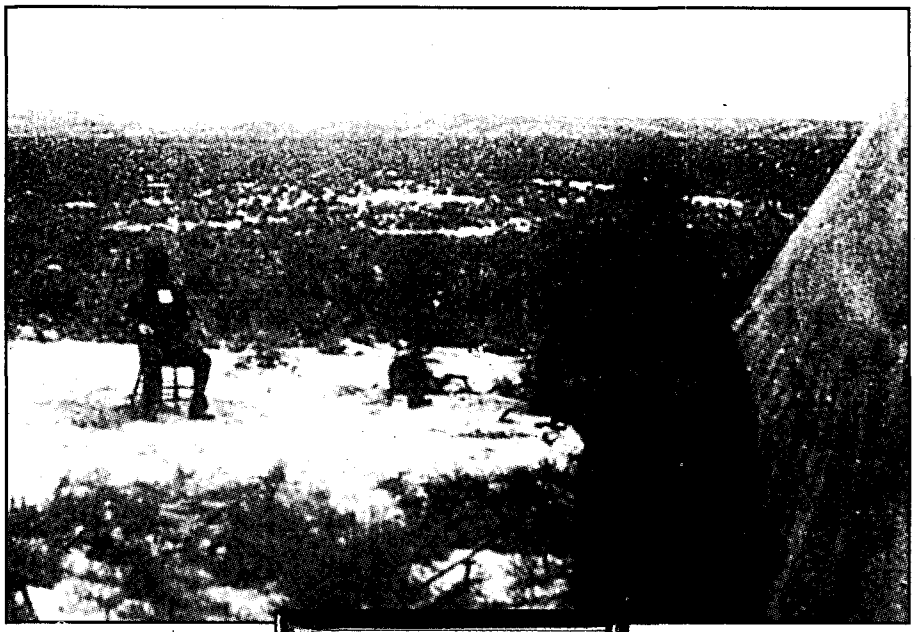
squad, who remained unseen and unidentified by spectators and newspaper reporters. The firing squad's rifles were loaded; four with regular cartridges and one with a blank. None of the firing squad members knew who would ultimately fire the blank.

At 10:15 AM a wagon transporting Coughlin, Sheriff Dickson, a Reverend Gallagher of Park City, Dr. E. Lee, and Coughlin's cousin, Dennis Lane of Park City, arrived. After the group descended from the wagon, Coughlin's coat, vest, and leg irons were removed. At this point, Sheriff Dickson asked: "Patrick Coughlin: have you anything to say?' Coughlin replied: "Nothing, except for my request that I don't want my picture taken." Coughlin was tightly bound to the chair while the Reverend Gallagher administered to him. "Be of good courage," admonished the clergyman; the condemned man answered: "You bet your life."



Top: Patrick Coughlin awaits death by firing squad in Rich county, Utah, on December 15, 1896. The firing squad was positioned in the canvas tent in the foreground.

DIED GAME.

Patrick Coughlin Met the End Bravely.

PREPARED FOR HIS FATE

Kept His Nerve Through the Awful Ordeal.

AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD

Below: Powder smoke from the discharged rifles of the firing squad obscured Coughlin's death from the photographer as this photo was taken. *Both photos courtesy William Secrest Collection.*

Coughlin's cousin kissed him goodbye and touched his hand. Father Gallagher asked him if he wanted everyone to forgive him, and Coughlin answered, "Yes." The priest bid him farewell and Coughlin bid him goodbye. The father walked back a few paces as Sheriff Dickson counted in a loud voice. By this time the end of the tent had been opened and the firing squad had an unobstructed view of the condemned man. At the count of three, the firing squad triggered their rifles; four bullets slammed into a sheet of paper that had been pinned to Coughlin's clothes, over his heart.

The open end of the tent containing the members of the firing squad was closed while a Doctor Hocker of Evanston, Wyoming, and Dr. Lee examined Coughlin. All four shots either pierced or grazed Coughlin's heart, causing instant death. He was pronounced dead at 10:29 AM. The curious crowd was held back by armed deputies while Coughlin's remains were placed in a casket and surrendered to Dennis Lane for burial in Park City. After the spectators and newspaper reporters left, the firing squad emerged from the closed tent and was transported from the area. As was reported in the press, "The execution came off without a hitch."

During the months between his capture and his death, Coughlin was arrogant, boastful, and often contemptuous of his victims and his situation. He proved to be a shallow person with few, if any, redeeming qualities. When he died most people felt he got what he deserved. He had one trait, however, which gained him widespread respect: his unfailing courage in the face of certain death. A man's courage was a virtue in the Old West; according to that standard, Patrick Coughlin earned a certain amount of respect. "He died game."

Harold Leland Edwards, a retired parole officer, is the author of Goodbye Billy the Kid, The Killing of Jim McKinney, *and over 140 published articles on the American West.*

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October 2, 1841—John Horton Slaughter, the third child of Ben and Minerva Slaughter, is born in Sabine Parish, Louisiana.

January 1842—The Slaughter family takes up ranching in Sabine County, in the New Republic of Texas.

1843—The Slaughter family moves to Lockhart, Texas. Six more children, all girls, are born to Ben and Minerva. Faced with Indians, border disputes, badmen, malaria, yellow fever, and smallpox, John's mother becomes a "traveling doctor" of sorts in the region. While the Slaughter parents are both illiterate, they make sure all of the children go to school.

April 14, 1847—Ben Slaughter joins up to fight in the Mexican War. He is a private in Company A, First Regiment, Texas Mounted Volunteers.

June 30, 1848—Ben Slaughter is honorably discharged at Camargo, Sonora, Mexico. He returns to San Antonio, Texas, where he is enrolled as a private in another company of Texas mounted volunteers. He is discharged six months later. A volunteer friend is W.W. "Big Foot" Wallace.

December 7, 1858—The Slaughter family moves again, this time to 320 acres southeast of Pleasanton, in Atascosa County, Texas.

1861—The Slaughters and their neighbors engage rampaging Comanches. The Civil War beckons John's two older brothers, who join the Confederate Army.

1862—John Slaughter, now twenty-one, enlists with his father in a company of Texas state troopers. They battle Comanches, rather than Yankees, at the head of San Miguel Creek. Within this organization the two Slaughters serve the Third Frontier District, defending Texas against Indians until 1864. This same year, John enlists as a private in a company of Minute Men of Texas Rangers.

1864—Deciding he likes to fight, John Slaughter volunteers his services during a civil conflict in Texas. This time he rides with the Brown and San Saba Company of Rangers.

1865—Slaughter, now in partnership with his brothers in the cattle business, registers the brand of the San Antonio Ranch Company. The brothers drive herds destined for northern markets through Abeline and Dodge City, Kansas. Many of the animals in these herds are mavericks, wild cattle the Slaughters have branded as their own.

August 4, 1871—John Slaughter marries Eliza Adeline Harris, a fragile, ash blonde Texas beauty.

Adeline gives birth to a daughter, "Addie," in 1872. The next Slaughter child, boy named Hugh dies at John's ranch near Pleasanton. The third is a girl, and dies of pneumonia when she is about one. (Their last child, a boy named Willie is born in 1877.)

1873—John Slaughter and Billy Childress become partners in the cattle business.

1875-1876—The Slaughter-Childress partnership loses a lawsuit and experiences mortgage foreclosure. Before year's end, they are involved in yet another lawsuit. The partnership breaks up. John Slaughter pays all debts owed by their firm, and never again takes on another business partner.

1877—Texas has gotten "too small" for John Slaughter. Driving a hard of cattle, he heads for the New Mexico Territory. Upon arrival, a rustler named Barney Gallagher threatens Slaughter's herd, and is killed by Slaughter at South Springs, New Mexico.

John Slaughter now heads to Arizona, driving 500 head of cattle. Near Pearce, Arizona, Slaughter and his cowboys join in a fight with some Mormon settlers in driving off a band of Indians. This is Slaughter's first introduction to Apaches.

Excited about business opportunities in Arizona Territory, Slaughter goes to Tucson to prepare the way for his family. Eliza and the two children head west in April.

After leaving El Paso, Eliza and the children become ill, not realizing they have contracted smallpox. Eliza dies in Tucson, but the children recover.

1879—In New Mexico to manage a herd of cattle for his brother, John meets Cora Viola Howell, the sixteen-year-old daughter of a tough, ex-Confederate soldier.

April 16, 1879—Despite protests from his future mother-in-law, John and Viola are married in Tularosa, New Mexico. (Mrs. Howell's objections include Slaughter's reputation as a gambler. Besides being a widower with two small children, the cattleman is considered old enough to be Viola's father.)

1883—Slaughter sells his entire herd, and starts for Oregon, a land with a reputation for rich grasslands. During this trip with Viola by stagecoach, Slaughter experiences a severe lung hemorrhage. (It is likely he has tuberculosis.) The Slaughters decide to return to Arizona for good.

1884—Slaughter buys a 65,000 acre land grant (known as the San Bernardino) extending across the Arizona, United States, and Mexican borders. This vast domain is rich in minerals, water, grass,—and Apache Indians.

1886—Slaughter works for a time as a scout for the U.S. Army during the last Geronimo campaign. His sole purpose is to help rid Arizona of the "Apache menace.

1887—Slaughter builds a cattle empire at his San Bernardino. Meanwhile, rustlers, killers, robbers, bullies, horse thieves, and con men of every sort have descended on Arizona Territory, particularly in the vicinity of booming Tombstone, in Cochise County. Aiming to do something about it, John Slaughter runs for sheriff on the Democratic ticket.

January 1887—Slaughter wins the election, and is sworn in as the third sheriff of Cochise County, Arizona. He now spends most of his time in Tombstone. Viola, Addie, and Willie live in town now too. The Slaughters' buy a house located at First and Fremont. Slaughter, who is small physically, and stutters, is commonly known as the "little, rat-head-

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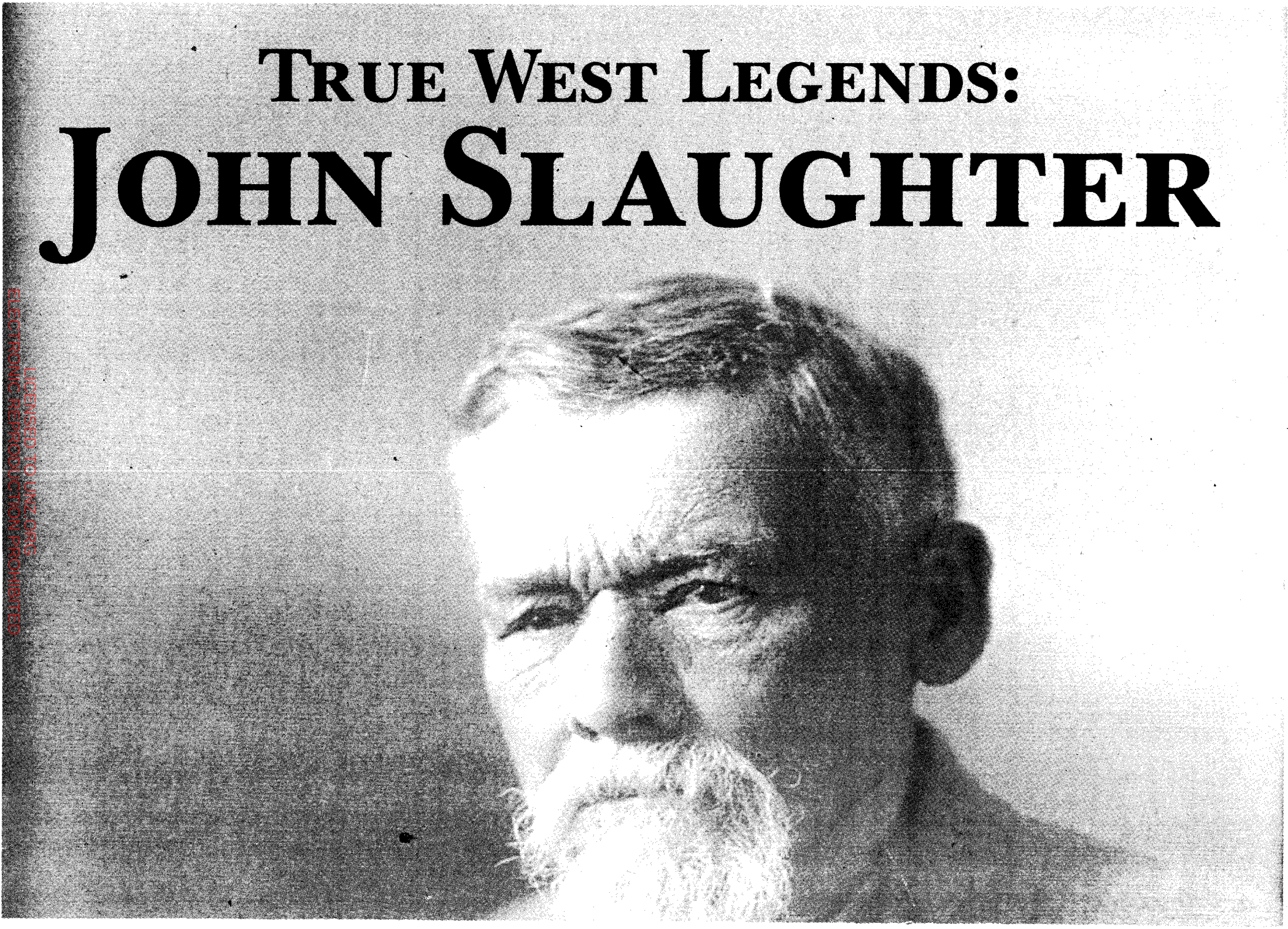
TRUE WEST LEGENDS:

JOHN SLAUGHTER



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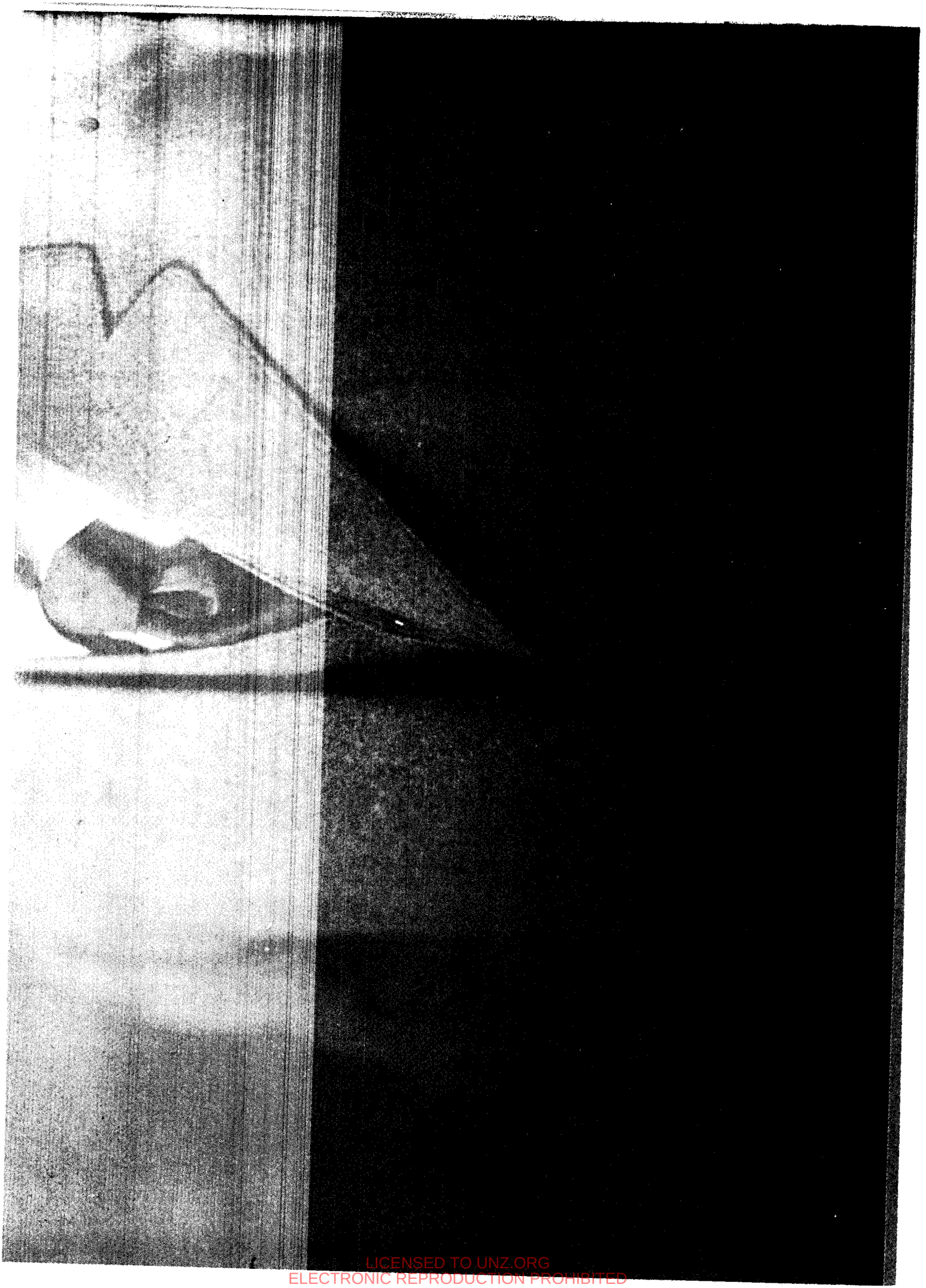

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ed S.O.B." by the criminal element. Slaughter rides tirelessly against the outlaw element in Cochise County. A no-nonsense peace officer with a host of fast-shooting deputies by his side, Slaughter's reputation as a severe disciplinarian becomes legend. Although he despises vigilantism, another peace officer, Jeff Milton, said of Slaughter, "Shooting an outlaw to John Slaughter is like putting a hole in a can."

1889—Slaughter runs for reelection and beats his Republican opponent by ninety-seven votes.

1891—Slaughter refuses to seek another term as sheriff. Viola announces to Democratic leaders that "John's business and family need him more than the county he has made calm and honest."

September 19, 1889—Slaughter, along with a sheepherder Lloyd Gillman and cattleman J.A. Howell, kill Arthur "Peg Leg" Finney, a gambler and thief resisting arrest at the San Bernardino ranch. The arrest warrant was signed by a Bisbee, Arizona, judge.

December 1895—A small band of Apaches jump the reservation at San Carlos, murdering Horatio Merrill and his daughter Eliza, who are traveling in a wagon to Clifton, Arizona.

March 1896—The same Apache raiders kill sixteen-year-old Alfred Hand at Cave Creek, Arizona, not far from the San Bernardino ranch. Geronimo surrendered nearly nine years earlier, so this new "Apache outrage" has Arizona pioneers demanding early resolution. Slaughter and his cowboys and some soldiers take up the trail.

May 1896—The Slaughter party finds and attacks the Apache camp, killing most of the adults. Slaughter takes an Apache girl from the devastated camp. Named "Apache May," the little girl is raised at the San Bernardino by John and Viola. She becomes vastly attached to John Slaughter, tagging constantly after him and calling him "don Juan"; he refers to her as his "tame Indian."

1900—Apache May plays too close to a bed of coals and her dress catches on fire. The little girl dies the next day. She is buried in the San Bernardino ranch cemetery. John Slaughter mourns for many months, even giving up gambling for a while.

1905—Slaughter is one of the organizers of the Bank of Douglas, Arizona. He buys up much of the land around this newly incorporated town in southern Cochise County. He builds the San Bernardino Building, used as rental property as Douglas becomes the "Gateway to Sonora, Mexico."

1906—At the urging of Cochise County Democrats, Slaughter reluctantly runs, and is elected, for the territorial assembly.

January 1907—Slaughter travels with Viola to Phoenix, and joins Arizona's Twenty-fourth Territorial Legislature. He faithfully attends most sessions. Not a man given to long speeches nor the introduction of complicated laws, he grows restless. When his two-year term expires, he gladly returns home.

1907—John's son, Willie, leaves the San Bernardino ranch and buys the Douglas Hardware Store.

1910—Slaughter ventures into new business and buys out two butcher shops in Bisbee, Arizona.

Armed, and riding his old cow pony, Slaughter orders rebel Mexican soldiers under Pancho Villa to get off Slaughter land. The Mexicans decide not to tangle with the old sharpshooter, and even pay him for some cows they've butchered.

1911—Having been in poor health all of his life, Willie Slaughter dies in Douglas, Arizona of tuberculosis.

1917—Slaughter spends most of his time tending business properties in Douglas. He accumulates numerous shares of stock in businesses including mining ventures, gas and electric companies, American telephone, creameries, and banks.

1921—Jess Fisher, Viola's nephew, is murdered at the San Bernardino by Mexican ranch employees who plan to rob the house. Dispirited by the killing, John and Viola Slaughter leave the San Bernardino to live in town. The elderly couple move into the Fisher Apartments, named for Jess.

February 15, 1922—Suffering from high blood pressure, eczema of the hands and feet, asthma, and tuberculosis, John Slaughter dies in his sleep. He is buried beside his son in the Douglas cemetery.

WHAT TO READ

The Southwest of John Horton Slaughter, by Allen A. Erwin. Arthur H. Clark Company, 1965. Second printing, 1997.

Reminiscences. 1939, by Cora Viola Slaughter. Manuscript located at the Arizona Historical Society, Library, 249 E. 2nd Street, Tucson, Arizona 85719. Call (520) 628-5774 for copy information.

WHERE TO GO

The Slaughter Ranch Museum. Drive from Douglas Arizona, 16 miles on the Geronimo Trail, an extension of 15th Street. The ranch is privately funded, and open Wednesday through Sunday 10 am to 3 pm. For more information, contact Slaughter Ranch Museum, PO Box 438, Douglas, AZ. 85608. Call (520) 558-2474.

Tombstone Courthouse State Historic Park Museum, Tombstone, Arizona. Sheriff's office, John Slaughter artifacts on display. Tombstone Visitors Bureau (520) 457-3929.

City of Douglas, Arizona. On the Mexican border with Agua Prieta. Douglas features historic Gadsden Hotel, and other visitor attractions. Easy drive to Slaughter Ranch Museum, Tombstone, Bisbee, Rucker Canyon. Douglas Chamber of Commerce (520) 364-2477.

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BOOKMART

710—THEY DIED WITH CUSTER: SOLDIERS' BONES FROM THE BATTLE OF THE LITTLE BIGHORN. *By Douglas D. Scott, P. Willey, & Melissa A. Connor.* The authors use historic sources, archeological evidence, and physical data to present new revelations about the men who rode and died with George Custer at the Little Bighorn. Through painstaking analyses of skeletal remains, the authors construct composite biographies of the soldiers, identifying ages, heights, states of health, and mode of death. A vast selection of illustrations, including photos, maps, drawings, and graphs, enhance the discussion. 419p. University of Oklahoma Press.

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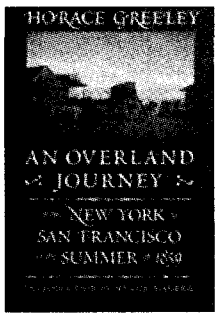

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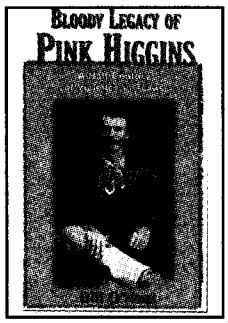

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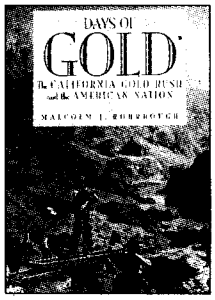

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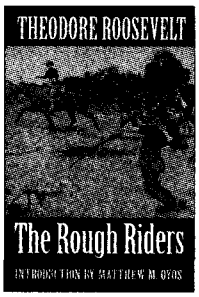

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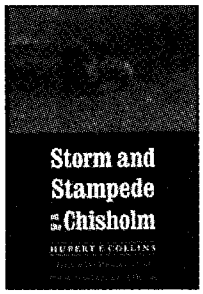

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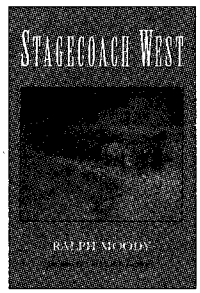

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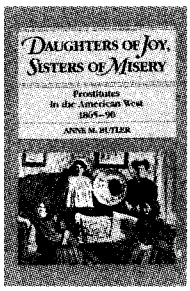

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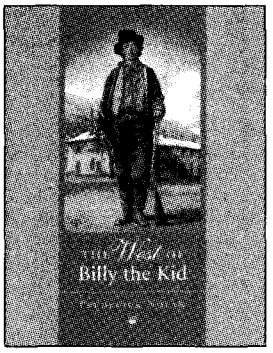

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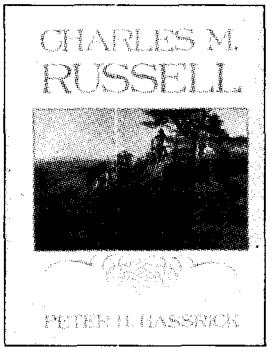

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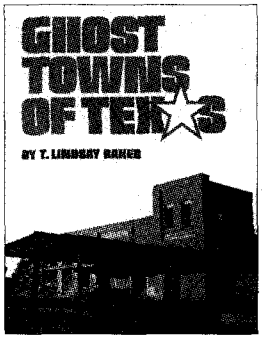

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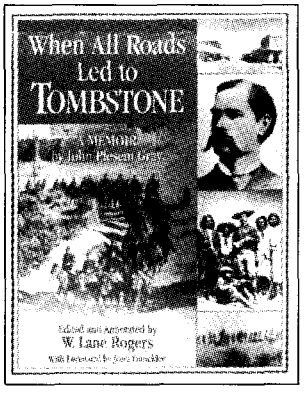

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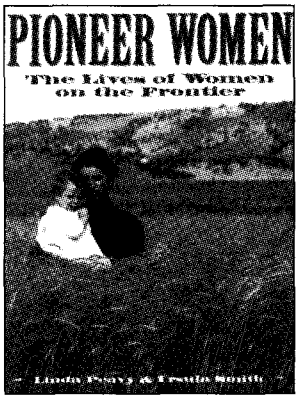

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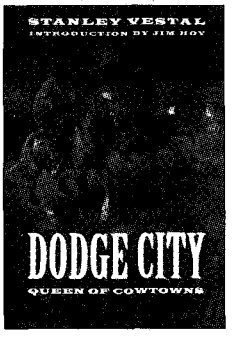

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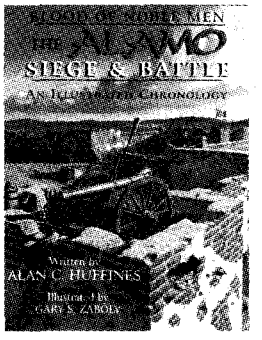

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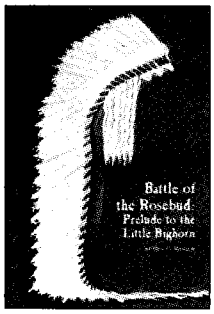

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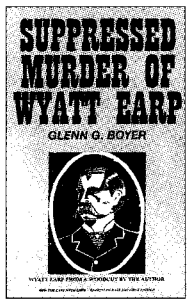

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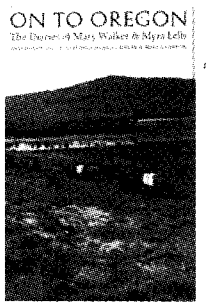

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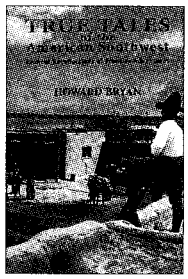

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Murder and Intrigue in the Chaco

By Karen Holliday Tanner and John D. Tanner, Jr.

Rounding up cattle at a Chaco *estencia*. **Left to Right:** George West Musgrave, alias Robert Steward (1877-1947). Charles William Thurlow "Bill" Craig (1901-1985). Robert Eaton (ca. 1930). *All photos from the authors' collection.*

In 1916-17, American investor Percival Farquhar, with wealthy friends Minor Keith (founder of the United Fruit Company) and Theodore Vail (president of American Telephone and Telegraph), organized International Products Corporation (IPC), Paraguay's largest industrial company. Owning over two million acres of land in Paraguay's vast Chaco, IPC harvested *quebracho* trees, with dark rich red color trunks and extremely dense wood. Processing the trees, IPC annually extracted thirty-five thousand tons of tannin, important in the curing of hides. The company also developed a model program for enhancing pasture lands and raised large herds of beef cattle.

Canadian-born John H. Scott served as general manager of the IPC facility at Puerto Pinasco, 193 miles north of Asunción, on the Rió Paraguay. A company town, Puerto Pinasco had electricity, running water, hospitals, schools, a hotel, drug store, bakery, post office, and IPC provided homes for company employees. With the approval of Paraguayan authorities, the company maintained a private police force and jail. While others were satisfied, John Scott was not.

To thicken his wallet, Scott entered into a partnership with Enrique Fox of Asunción, and Roberto Steward of Murtinho, Brazil. Renowned as "South America's greatest gringo rustler," Steward had smuggled Brazilian cattle across the sparsely settled international border into Paraguay for years. He "practically owned the police at Concepción and he owned the Brazilian and Paraguayan border patrol," according to Robert Eaton. Tall and handsome, he readily attracted women; even men noted his movie star looks. The well-dressed, habitually jovial yet soft-spoken, Steward "looked more like a senator than a cattle rustler." Nevertheless, Steward was a cattle rustler, and a bank, train, stage, and post office robber, and a killer. Roberto Steward was actually Black Jack gang fugitive George Musgrave. His name

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and fame linked to numerous tales of rustling, double-dealing, murder, and recrimination throughout Paraguay, Brazil, and Argentina.

Scott, aware of Musgrave's incorrigible reputation, should have avoided the association. Greed overcame wisdom. Scott invested $10,000 with which Musgrave acquired cattle, likely bought legally in Brazil and smuggled into Paraguay. Musgrave shipped the cattle to Fox, who sold them profitably. Before the three divided the profits, Fox died of a heart attack. Musgrave disappeared; so, too, did the money. Understandably, an enraged Scott sought retribution. Doubtless Musgrave now saw Scott as a dangerous enemy, an enemy requiring removal.

Late in 1929, Englishman Bill Craig, an International employee at the company's packing plant at San Antonio (just south of Asunción), traveled to Puerto Pinasco, to conduct a count of the herd at the company's port ranch.

After reaching Pinasco, Craig learned that the company's main ranch, eighty kilometers west, should have had 30,000 head of stock, but the manager anticipated a count of only 27,000 head. The manager of an outlying IPC *estancia* bemoaned an even worse shortage—twelve percent. At the company's port ranch, where Craig would conduct the count, Manager John Francis Wright hesitatingly admitted that his count would be worse still; he attributed the shortfall to jaguars, Indians, and rustlers.

Craig described Wright as "fair, blue-eyed, shortish, and very good company," and Craig believed him to be a former member of Black Jack Ketchum's gang. In truth, Wright came from Lansing, Michigan, had settled in Pennsylvania, was a veteran of World War I, and a member of the American Legion. He had worked for IPC for ten years and felt that the short count would put his job in jeopardy. General Manager Scott, was "a hard fellow to deal with" and would "heckle Wright over the most childish subjects." Wright complained to Craig that Scott suspected him of rustling and forecast that the 18,000 head of cattle, uncounted for two and one-half years, would fall short by 4,000. Wright's tale of woe continued; he blamed every imaginable circumstance.

NINE DAYS OF counting passed and the final tally proved Wright correct. Scott angrily swore to fire Wright if he could not come up with at least 1,500 head of the missing cattle. To punctuate the warning, Scott threatened that Duncan McDonald, a sheepman from Patagonia who had arrived to replace the manager of the main ranch, could easily replace Wright at the port ranch.

Did Scott decide to use Wright as a scapegoat to cover his own indiscretion? Any large shortfall in the count would indicate rustling. Musgrave's name would surely arise. Scott could hardly afford to have his own name linked to that of the legendary Chaco rustler. Scott certainly intended to shift all the blame to Wright. Could Scott and Wright, each without the knowledge of the other, have been in collusion with Musgrave? Did Scott believe that Wright acted on Musgrave's behalf and deserved the blame?

Beyond the need for a scapegoat, the vehemence with which Scott subsequently condemned Wright suggets that he concluded Wright to be Musgrave's agent. Nothing suggests that Musgrave conspired with Wright to rustle IPC stock. Indeed, it may be inferred from Wright's evidently weak personality that he lacked the grit for such a venture. Only when faced with a dismissal, and a growing sense of moral outrage, would Musgrave evidently find Wright a useful ally. In spite of his later protestations, as well as the findings of the court, events implicate Wright as a figure drawn into Musgrave's web.

Fleeing Scott's wrath, Wright encountered Craig. Surprisingly, according to Craig, Wright insisted that everything was fine and asked if Craig had an old, unwanted revolver to sell. Yes, Craig had a nearly worn out Colt single action Frontier model. Wright pulled out a roll of 5,000 pesos and handed 1,000 pesos to Craig in exchange for the weapon.

Pocketing the six-shooter, Wright extended an invitation to Craig to ride some miles out of Pinasco to meet with An-tonio Dos Santos, a Brazilian line rider for the IPC.

Possibly, Dos Santos could shed information on rustling activities. That afternoon, Wright and Craig rode to Dos Santos's. Craig later claimed that he took an immediate dislike to the dark, evil-looking Brazilian. Following a discussion that touched on many topics, but curiously failed to bring up the subject of rustlers, Wright and Dos Santos slipped outside for a private conversation. Craig remained inside, hearing a litany of Santos's battered wife's tales of woe. When Craig and Wright returned to Pinasco, Wright displayed a measure of elation and a dash of nervousness.

Craig arose late the next morning, November 29. He came across Wright in the forenoon as the manager made his way to the office to draw some money. Although curious about what happened to the remainder of the 5,000 pesos Wright previously displayed, Craig remained silent.

That day, Scott decided to give McDonald, having just arrived from

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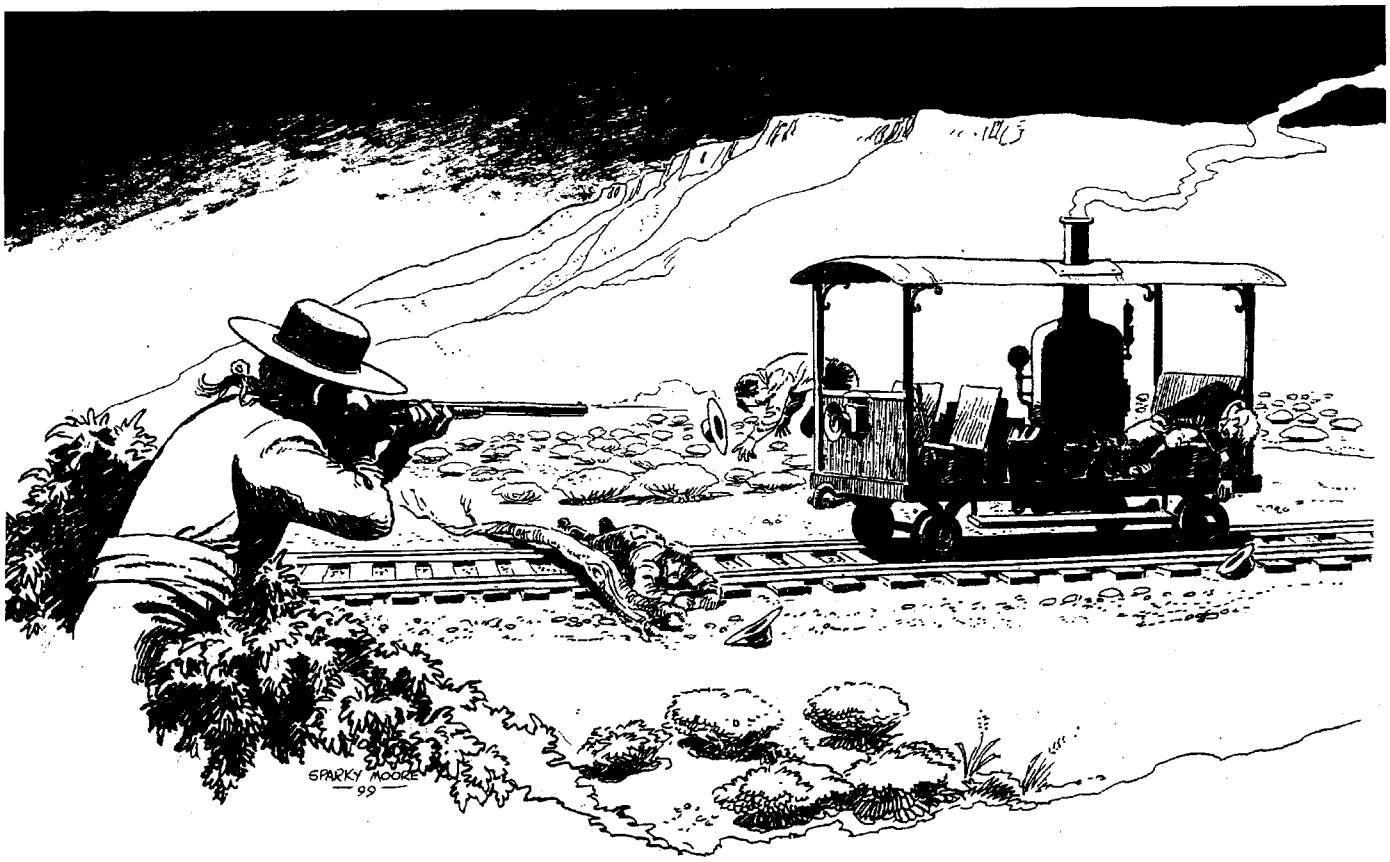


Patagonia, a tour of IPC's facility. IPC employee Robert Eaton recalled, "[McDonald] was hired in Buenos Aires by [IPC President John] Tippett and I traveled with [McDonald] to Asunción. He was an older man and as I recall rather shabbily dressed. He spoke English with a terrible [Scottish] brogue."

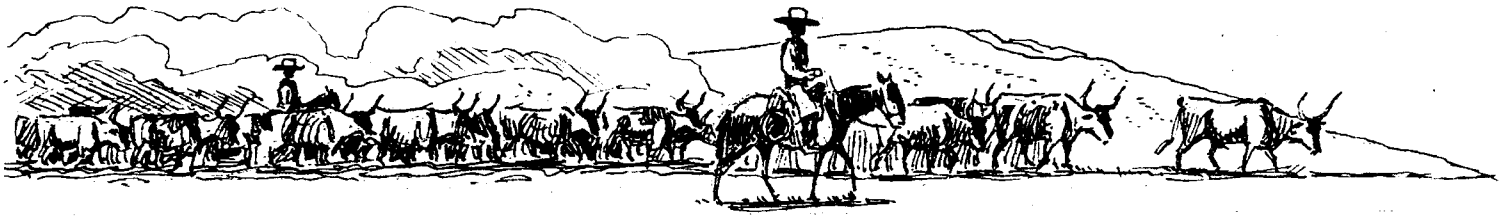
About three o'clock in the afternoon, Scott and McDonald climbed into a railcar mounted on the narrow gauge tracks that continued west out of Pinasco. The square box-like car, with the engine and gear shift in the center, had two seats in front and a bench seat in back. A chauffeur took the left front seat and Scott the right. McDonald sat behind. The driver fired up the engine, and the rail car chugged out of town.

Near kilometer nine, they rounded a sharp bend and found a heavy branch lying between the tracks, small enough for the logging train to pass over, but large enough to stop the smaller rail car.

The driver got out to move it. As he leaned over to grab the log, a shot rang out from the heavy vegetation to the north. The bullet just missed; he fell flat and lay still. Scott reached for a .44 caliber Winchester, locked in the tool box under the seat. A second shot killed McDonald, his body tumbling out of the car. As Scott turned to look back at McDonald, the rifle barked a third time. A bullet tore into Scott's side. The driver, frightened but unwounded, crawled back to the car, threw it into reverse, and pulled away. The car continued in reverse until it reached a maintenance crew working on the track. Reinforced, the driver and the wounded Scott returned for McDonald's body.

In the brush, assassin Antonio Dos Santos's rifle jammed after the third shot. He had been instructed to kill all three men, place their bodies into the car, then set it on fire. He had failed, but believed that he had killed Scott, the primary target. He was wrong, Scott survived; the bullet had struck his bottom rib and deflected forward, stopping just under the skin. Dos Santos nervously rode back to his house.

A telegram from Pinasco arrived at the company's packing plant at San Antonio, informing IPC President John Tippett of Scott's shooting. Tippett and



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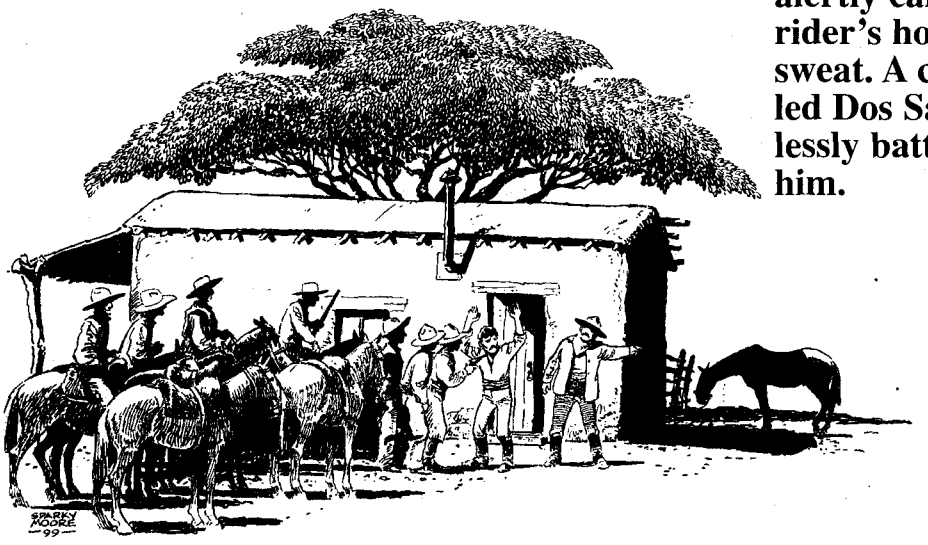

Craig later credited himself with alertly calling attention to the line rider's horse, covered with wet sweat. A couple of men in the posse led Dos Santos outside and mercilessly battered a confession out of him.

new employee Robert Eaton immediately traveled up river. "The evening of our arrival I met John Scott for the first time," remembered Eaton. "He was tightly bandaged as the wound was on the right side where the bullet had hit a rib and glanced off, leaving a painful but not dangerous wound. I heard his report of the incident as made to the president."

Meanwhile, Pinasco Police Commissioner Vincinte Silveira hurriedly formed a posse. An eager Bill Craig invited himself along. The posse of approximately eight men soon located the site where the assassin had lain in wait. From where Dos Santos had tied his horse, a Toothli Indian tracker led the posse five miles along the assassin's trail, to Dos Santos's house. When confronted, the frightened Dos Santos protested that he had not left the house. Craig later credited himself with alertly calling attention to the line rider's horse, covered with wet sweat. A couple of men in the posse led Dos Santos outside and mercilessly battered a confession out of him. The posse also searched the house and found 4,000 pesos and a Colt Frontier revolver.

They took the badly beaten suspect to Pinasco and subjected him to further questioning in Commissioner Silveira's custom-built, water-filled, electrified bathtub. After only a few jolts, Dos Santos named John Wright as his contact. Evidently Dos Santos feared Musgrave's wrath even more than Silveira's torture. He claimed that Wright offered him 5,000 Paraguayan paper pesos to "liquidate" Scott, and continued to pester him to commit the murder. Wright even called Dos Santos a "coward and a bum" if he refused to do it.

On the evening of the shooting, the Puerto Pinasco justice of the peace ordered the formation of a *sumario* (inquest). Dr. Eusebio Rios, criminal judge of the Second Judicial District, traveled to Pinasco and took over the inquest on December 5. Brought before the *sumario*, Dos Santos cynically related, point by point, how he planned and carried out the assassination. He boasted that McDonald's was not his first murder for hire. In his native Brazil, he had committed similar assassinations. "This hardened criminal sees himself as a veteran at this sort of crime [a man killer]." Significantly, he named Murtinho, Brazil, the home of Musgrave, as one of his two areas of operation. The *sumario* had no difficulty in identifying Dos Santos as the *autor material* (killer). In the opinion of Judge Rios, Dos Santos's testimony "gravely implicated" John Wright as the *autor moral* (instigator). Musgrave's name went unmentioned. On December 10, Judge Rios ordered the preventive detention of Wright and the removal of Wright and Dos Santos to the public jail at Asunción.

Located on Calle Comuneros, the overcrowded old jail held all manner of felons. Craig visited the former manager there, bringing a bottle of rye whiskey and a carton of cigarettes. He later recalled Wright's claim of innocence.

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"Come close and I'll tell you who's really responsible."

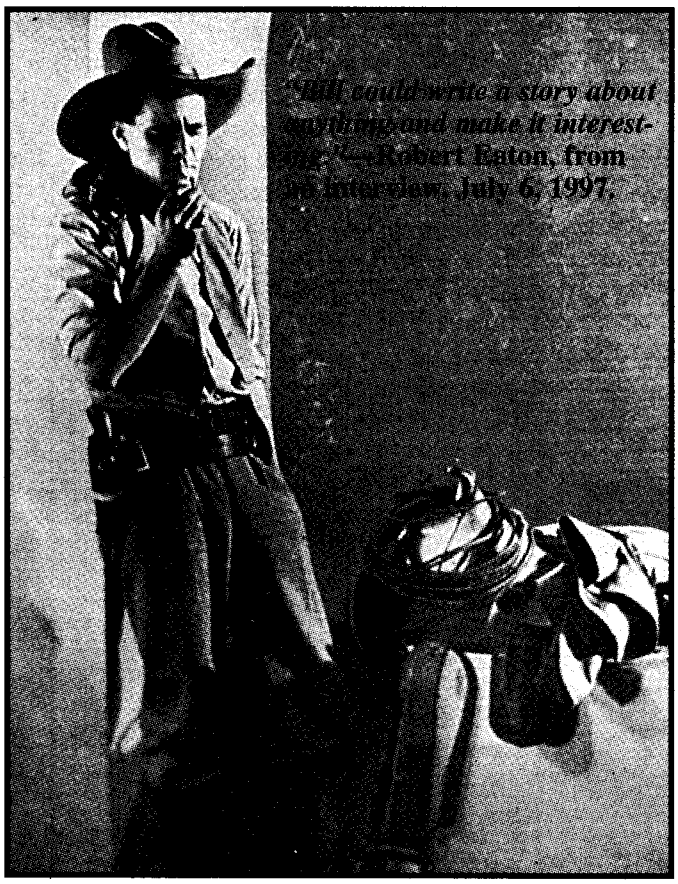
Through the bars he whispered a widely-feared name—that of a notorious "bad man" [George Musgrave] who at that moment, to [Craig's] certain knowledge, was at least three hundred miles away.

Scott recovered from his wounds. Dos Santos's trial date was again extended, as was Wright's. In January 1930, Dos Santos contracted pneumonia. Believing death at hand, on January 24, he retracted that portion of his testimony implicating Wright. Nevertheless, Wright remain-ed in jail with no trial scheduled.

In August, Post Wheeler, the United States minister to Paraguay, arranged Wright's removal from the jail. Wright was transferred to more comfortable quarters in one of the police stations, a routine transfer for a prisoner of "some position." At the end of the quarter, the police returned such prisoners to the jail for one or two days for inspection by the judicial authorities, then brought them back to the police stations.

Certain that Scott bribed police officials to keep him in jail, Wright became convinced that, as an American, he would not get justice. In truth, Scott had brought pressure upon the British Legation to delay the trial to find more evidence against Wright. U.S. Minister Post Wheeler reported:

From the time of [Wright's] arrest, Mr. Scott had bitterly and openly denounced him as guilty and had apparently made use of his position to prejudice the case against [Wright].



"Bill could write a story about anything and make it interesting."—Robert Eaton, from an interview, July 6, 1997.

Scott's pressure paid dividends. British Chargé d' Affaires Herbert Ashley Cunard Cummins complained to the Paraguayan Foreign Office that Wright, implicated in the murder of a British subject (McDonald), received "unwarranted liberty and may take the opportunity to escape."

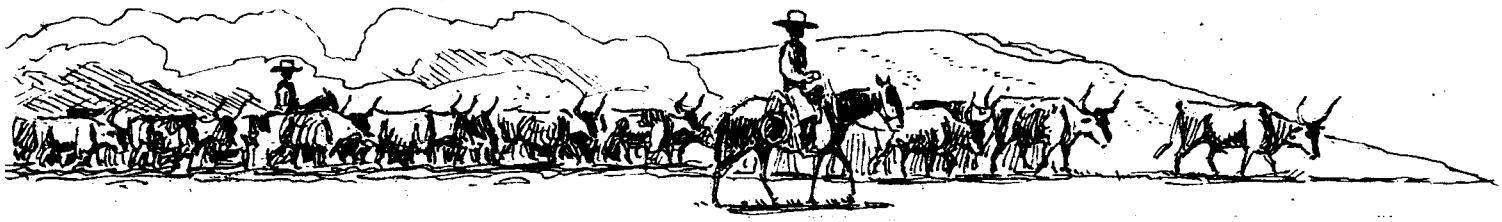
In December, American Chargé d'Affaires John B. Faust notified Secretary of State Henry W. Stimson:

By what right the British Chargé d'Affaires presumes to indicate to the Paraguayan Government where it shall keep its prisoners I am unable to say[.] [B]ut, since it appears that Mr. Wright was removed to the police station as a personal and unofficial favor to Mr. Wheeler and, of course, with no indication that it would result in a protest from Mr. Cummins, it does not appear expedient at the present time for me to request that [Wright] again be placed there in spite of the objection.

Chargé Faust reconsidered and did request that Wright be allowed to remain at the police station. Para-guayan officials agreed to the request, but the first time Faust took a leave "some attempt was made to have Wright transferred from the police station back to the jail." Faust considered the British Chargé the likely culprit.

The American consulate was not alone in alleging intrigue. Bill Craig later claimed that the U.S. vice consul offered him $5,000 not to testify against Wright, but he refused the bribe. "Five thousand dollars then was worth easily 6,000 English pounds now [1965]. Particularly in that country. And I've often wondered why I didn't accept it. A sense of loyalty to Scott, I suppose. Or Musgrave."

There is no question as to Craig's loyalty to Scott. "Craig felt very involved in this incident, " said Robert Eaton, "and had letters from John Scott thanking him for his support as witness." Does Craig's claim of a bribe



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have merit? Acting U.S. Consul V. Harwood Blocker, Jr. was posted as Foreign Service Officer to Asunción on March 28, 1930, and assumed position as vice consul on October 22. Pioneer Chaco cattleman Robert Eaton recalled, "Blocker, my friend and best man at my wedding, was upset that Wright, a U.S. citizen, could not get a fair trial." However, as far as offering a bribe, "I know this is not true. Craig never met Blocker." Moreover, while Blocker did express his view concerning Wright's predicament, Chargé d'Affaires Faust handled the matter. Finally, there is no indication within the state department's confidential file on the affair that the government instructed any American official to tender a bribe to Craig or anyone else.

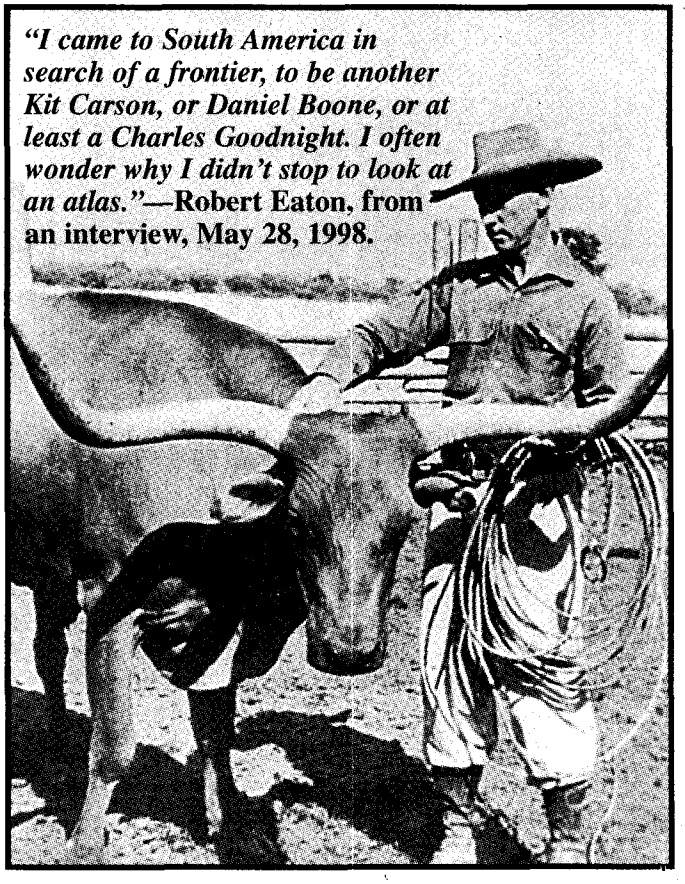
Nine months following the killing, Minister Post Wheeler summed up the circumstances:

> The testimony assembled during this prolonged period appeared extremely weak. There was no indication of motive shown. The Brazilian murderer, on whose first statement Mr. Wright had been charged, a month later retracted it when he believed himself to be at the point of death from pneumonia, making a sworn declaration in the presence of the hospital authorities (which he confirmed without solicitation five months later before Judge [Clemeco] Fernandez) that he had implicated Wright to satisfy a personal grudge, and that his accusation made in Pinasco was a falsehood. And without motive shown, allegation of premeditation was valueless.

Throughout this time, the inquest remained open, in violation of Paraguay's *Penal Law* limiting the inquest to a duration of two months.

In late 1930, Wright's attorney, Dr. Luis Raffinelli, filed a petition for the discharge of his client with the *Tribunal Inferior* on the grounds of insufficient evidence. When the *Tribunal* rejected the petition on May 25, 1931, Raffinelli promptly appealed the decision to the Appellate Division.

Days later, at Asunción's public jail, a fight broke out between Valentín González and Dos Santos. The fight turned deadly when each pulled a dagger. González plunged his knife into Dos Santos's stomach. The guards intervened, restraining Gonzáles, who had also suffered a wound.



***"I came to South America in search of a frontier, to be another Kit Carson, or Daniel Boone, or at least a Charles Goodnight. I often wonder why I didn't stop to look at an atlas."*—Robert Eaton, from an interview, May 28, 1998.**

Responding to an urgent call, Dr. Rogelio Alvarez quickly determined the gravity of Dos Santos's condition and ordered him rushed to the hospital. A detailed examination revealed that Dos Santos had suffered multiple perforations to his intestines. He died of peritonitis on Saturday, June 6. In Craig's opinion, "Someone had made certain that he would not testify again."

John Wright protested the court's inactivity to Chargé Faust:

> Now, with the Brazilian at rest, the only question that concerns my end of the case is, did I tell or order the Brazilian to do the shooting. Whether he did it or not has no bearing on my end of the case.

"The legal shenanigans dragged on for a couple of years," remembered Bill Craig. Throughout, Wright staunchly maintained his innocence. Robert Eaton "met Wright in the Consul's office. He was obsessed about convincing anyone who listened, of his innocence."

On September 5, 1931, Minister Post Wheeler requested that Paraguay's minister of foreign affairs, Dr. G. Zubizarreta, give the case his personal attention. Two days later, the judges of the Court of Appeals in Commercial and Criminal Cases ruled that:

1. The accusation against Wright and Dos Santos was brought at an improper time.
2. There was a failure to follow leads suggesting involvement by others.
3. Dos Santos retracted his deposition naming Wright as "moral instigator."
4. Dos Santos had died.

The court of appeals quashed the case against John Wright and he walked out of jail after twenty-three months of imprisonment.

What of George Musgrave, the actual "*autor moral*"? His involvement remained shrouded in mystery, discussed only in whispers. John Scott sought to profit from a business proposition he knew to be illicit. Although a hardened ranchman, he was not in the same league with the dangerous Mus-grave. IPC President John Tippet best summarized the relationship and its outcome, "I do not believe there is any reason to take measures against Scott, as this has been a tough lesson for him."

Karen Holliday Tanner is the author of Doc Holliday: A Family Portrait. *Her huband, John Tanner, Jr., is a professor of history and the author of* Alaskan Trails, Siberian Dogs. *The pair are currently working on a full-lenght biography of George W. Musgrave.*

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"Now, my man, you are wanted for stage robbery. What is your name?"
"Williams."
"First name?"
"Frank—no, Charley, Charley Williams. That's it."
"How many stages have you robbed in the last three months?"
"Oh, I don't know, [laughing] not many. Oh, hell, I'm not a stage robber...."
"Just wait a few minutes and we'll see..."

The Mysterious Highwayman

By William B. Secrest

This lighter, mud wagon replaced the heavier Concord coaches for mountain travel, but Frank Williams didn't care what kind of coach it was if it carried a treasure box or some well-heeled passengers. *Author's collection.*

"Hold up there!"

The stagecoach rattled to a Stop alongside a shotgun-wielding bandit on the side of the road. The driver and passengers were told to keep their hands up and their mouths shut. It was the evening of November 28, 1889, and the Shasta to Redding coach was just a half mile from Middle Creek Station. Snow covered the road in these northern California forests and it would be another bitter cold night. Luke Dow, owner of the line, sat on the seat next to the driver.

"Throw down the box!"

When the express box was tossed down, the bandit next demanded the registered mail pouch.

"There isn't any," responded Dow.

"There is, and you want to throw it down damn quick if you don't want to lose the top of your head."

Dow still protested and the outlaw moved his shotgun ominously in the direction of the stage man. There was nothing more Dow could do. He shrugged and tossed down the pouch.

"You're fooling with Jack Bryant," responded the bandit, "and he knows his business. Now, get out your ax and cut this box open."

"We're not carrying an ax," again stalled Dow. At this the bandit was furious.

"You lie, damn you. Get it out here quick. Didn't I tell you

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I knew my business? All stages carry axes."

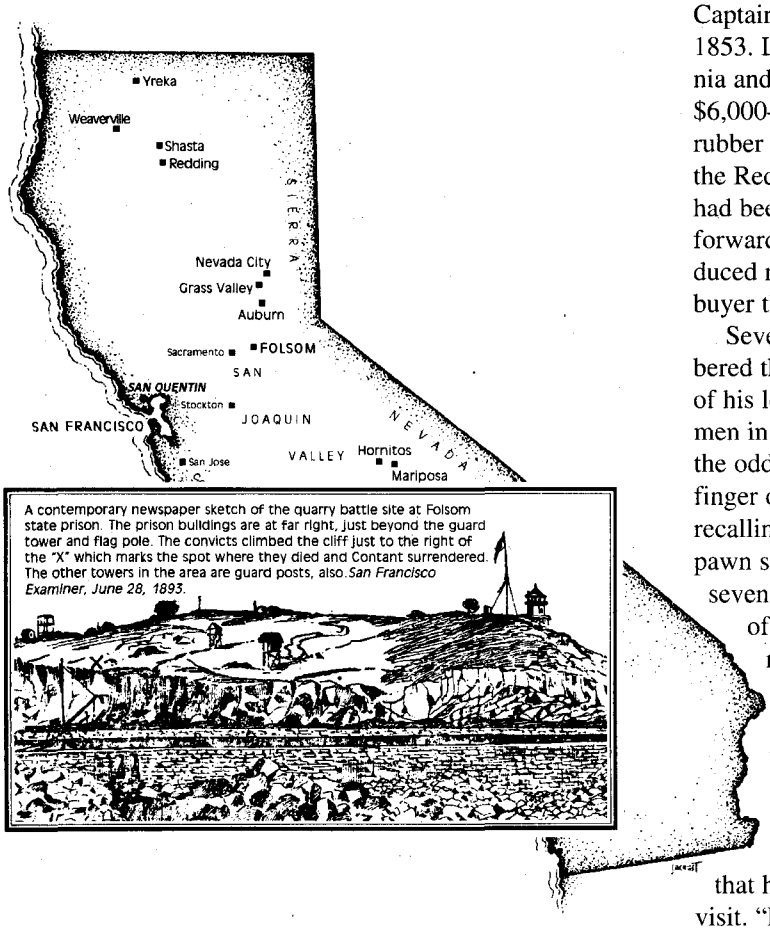
With a shrug Dow jumped down with his ax and chopped the box open. The coach was then allowed to continue on its way.

Earlier that day the outlaw was thought to have gone into Shasta for lunch, then left town about four in the afternoon. He was seen leaving with his blankets wrapped up in his rubber coat and slung over his shoulder. Presumably, his shotgun was in the bundle.

The next morning Dow led two officers to the site of the robbery. The Redding *Republican Free Press* reported:

> Under Sheriff Reynolds, Constable Crume and L. Dow sent out yesterday morning in search of the robber. The last named returned, having found the shotgun, a roll of white blankets enclosed in a shawl strap, some tobacco, etc. lying on a rock near Salt Creek, a half-mile from the scene of the robbery. The articles were found exposed to view, and from appearances the fellow may have been on the spot a few moments before. It was learned also that he had dinner in Shasta, and that the Bystle boys had seen him on the road. A good description was secured. The shotgun is of the same pattern as those used by Wells Fargo's messengers....

Moving some 250 miles south to Mariposa County, the bandit struck again on December 2. The Merced and Mariposa stage was stopped on Bear Mountain, just above the village of Hornitos. The pistol-wielding bandit ordered the driver to throw out the mail pouch and express box.



A contemporary newspaper sketch of the quarry battle site at Folsom state prison. The prison buildings are at far right, just beyond the guard tower and flag pole. The convicts climbed the cliff just to the right of the "X" which marks the spot where they died and Contant surrendered. The other towers in the area are guard posts, also. *San Francisco Examiner, June 28, 1893.*

Breaking open both containers, the dissatisfied robber looked through the coach and found a small safe that he managed to open. In the middle of the latter action, two men in a two-horse wagon drove up and were ordered to stop. Quickly finishing his work, the bandit motioned for both vehicles to continue.

On December 12 the Forest Hill stage was stopped in Placer County, but only one registered letter was reported stolen.

On December 15 another stage was stopped on the road about four miles north of Nevada City. Five packages of registered mail were secured, but the bandit failed to break open the express box. One hundred and forty-eight dollars was taken from two passengers. Only a pistol had been used in the holdups since the Redding robbery. Feeling the need for some rest and recreation in San Francisco, the robber probably caught a ride with a freight wagon as he made his way to the Bay City.

Tom Ryan, a plainclothes bailiff in San Francisco Police Court No. 3, took advantage of the noon recess to grab a free lunch at a local saloon. Although it was December, the packed courtroom was stuffy and the brisk, outside sea air felt good. It had rained the previous night, but the morning sun had already dried much of the damp streets. While walking along the sidewalk he noticed a man standing near the corner of Kearny street, at Jackson. Something had caught the officer's eye, and he immediately noticed a diamond ring on the little finger of the fellow's left hand.

A good officer, Ryan remembered recently discussing several northern California stage robberies with Detective Captain Isaiah W. Lees, a member of the police force since 1853. Lees was aware that the robberies in northern California and Oregon had resulted in reward offers totaling over $6,000—a formidable sum in those days. Some blankets, a rubber coat, and a sawed-off shotgun had been found after the Redding coach had robbed. There were indications they had been purchased in San Francisco and the items had been forwarded to Captain Lees. A check of local pawn shops produced not only proof of purchase, but descriptions of the buyer that tallied with the stage driver's recollections.

Several victims of the stage robberies had also remembered the robber wearing a diamond ring on the little finger of his left hand. Now, while there might have been a dozen men in the immediate area wearing a diamond on their finger, the odds went way up on an individual wearing it on the little finger of his left hand. As Ryan stared at the man he began recalling the fugitive's description as obtained from the local pawn shop. He was about twenty-five years old, five feet, seven inches in height, with a blond mustache bearing traces of having been dyed black, slender build and wearing ready-made country clothes. Ryan was dumbfounded. This man fit that description perfectly.

Strolling up to the stranger, Ryan remarked, "Nice weather after the rain, ain't it?"

The fellow turned. "Yes, it is and I'm glad of it. I haven't seen the sun for months."

As the two men made small talk, Ryan mentioned that he too lived in the country and was in the city on a visit. "Frisco" was a fast place and all the houses, people and

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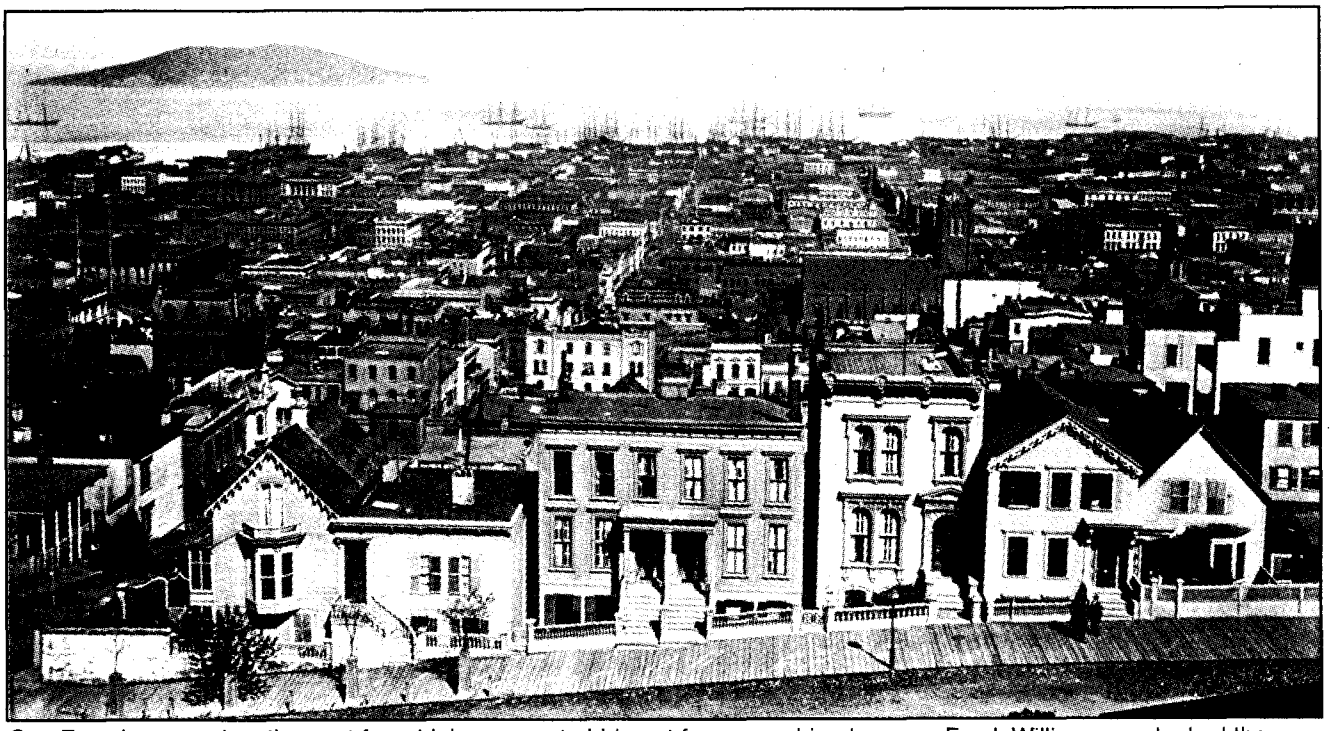

San Francisco was just the spot for a highwayman to hide out from searching lawmen. Frank Williams overlooked the skills of the San Francisco police, however. *California State Library.*

street cars made him dizzy. They both had been sight-seeing, but were bored and wondering what to do next. Ryan, desperately trying to think of a way to keep an eye on this fellow until he could check him out, now had a clever idea.

"I struck something today," commented the officer, "that was very amusing, though. I drifted up into one of these here Police Courts where they're trying a fellow for putting another fellow's eye out in a fight about a girl. It's the juiciest case I ever heard—fine looking woman, too."

"How did it come out," asked the stranger?

"Oh, it's not over yet," responded Ryan. "I'm going back this afternoon and hear the balance of it. Why don't you come along?"

The stranger thought he would and when it neared two o'clock, the men walked back to Police Court No. 3. Climbing the steps, Ryan and the stranger took a pair of seats and continued talking until court resumed. When he thought the stranger was immersed in the testimony, Ryan told him to hold his seat while he ran an errand. He rushed over to the Washington street pawnshop of Sol Lichenstein, where the stage robber's blankets had been purchased. He explained the situation and Lichenstein was glad to accompany him back to court. On the way over, Ryan told the pawn broker to "Go in carelessly, and take a look at him." It was a tense moment.

In the courtroom, Lichenstein lost his head and rushed over to the suspected outlaw. "How vas you, my friend? Did dose blankets suit you?"

"Oh yes," said the stranger pleasantly, "but I had no more use for them and left them up country." The pawnbroker then made his way back to the door where Ryan stood. "Dots the man," he said as he left.

Police Court No. 3 was in the old city hall, which for many years had served as police headquarters, also. As second in command of the department, Captain Lees office was next to that of Chief Patrick Crowley and the old detective was notified of Ryan's coup. Promptly making his appearance, he winked at Ryan and took a seat on the other side of the suspect. Both men sized up the stranger to make sure he was not armed, then seized the man by the arms.

"Come with me," whispered the captain.

"This man is a captain of police," whispered Ryan, "and he wants you to go with him." The stranger rose without a word and was ushered to the upper offices of the chief and captain of detectives. The arrest was made so quietly few in the courtroom noticed what was happening.

The officers escorted the prisoner to a chair in the detective's office. A large, rolltop desk was in one corner, while Lees' collection of mug books, criminal histories, and statistical tomes lined the walls. An avid book collector, Lees enjoyed chasing down a rare old book almost as much as capturing a wanted criminal.

"Now, my man," began the Captain, "you are wanted for stage robbery. What is your name?"

"Williams," answered the prisoner.

"First name," snapped the old detective.

"Frank—no, Charley, Charley Williams. That's it."

"How many stages have you robbed in the last three months?" Continued Lees.

"Oh, I don't know," laughed the prisoner, "not many. Oh, hell, I'm not a stage robber. What are you giving me?"

"Just wait a few minutes and we'll see," growled Lees. The detective became irritated with the smiling prisoner.

Just then Ryan came in with Lichenstein, who again identified the prisoner as the man who had bought the blankets recovered by Wells, Fargo.

"That's so," admitted Williams, "I did buy blankets of you."

Next a gunshop owner named Clabrough came in and

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identified Williams as the man to whom he had sold a sawed-off shotgun. Williams had told Clabrough how to load the shells he bought with the shotgun and when one of the shells was opened, it was found to be just as described.

"He told me he was a Wells, Fargo & Company messenger," said the dealer, "and these cartridges were loaded to his special order."

"That's all true," blurted out Williams. "I bought the gun for $18 on speculation, and sold it in Sacramento for $15. But you haven't proved I'm a stage robber, yet."

Lees, a master at interrogation, knew all the tricks, plus a few of his own, and usually got his way. This suspect was very careful. When confronted with evidence, Williams owned up to it, but continued to deny being a stage robber. On December 21 the prisoner was placed in the tanks and Lees set out to find where he had been staying.

The suspect had apparently arrived in town on the evening of December 17 and stopped at the Russ House, registering under the name of J.W. Moore. He left a valise at the hotel, then the second night stopped at the St. George House on Kearny street where another valise was left. On the evening of December 19, Williams had gone over to Billy Scott's boarding house on California Street, a known opium hangout. Here he entered a room and began preparing his pipe.

Purely by chance, an operative of Curtin's Detective Agency knocked on the door of Scott's house shortly after Williams' arrival. The detective had traced a dog, for which a $100 reward was being offered, to the boarding House and to the very room in which Williams and several others were enjoying their pipes. When he knocked on the door he was refused admittance, but he flashed his badge and forced his way into the room. Williams saw the badge and dropped his dope paraphernalia as he leaped through a window.

The detective didn't know what had happened, but after questioning the others in the room he determined the man was a fugitive of some kind. Williams apparently had some $1,200 on him, a new gold watch and chain, and a diamond ring. The next day, out on the street, the detective asked one of the dopers to identify the fugitive. The officer was checking flyers and wanted posters to see if he could identify the man when Williams was snatched up by Ryan and Captain Lees.

Lees quickly located the valises Williams had left at the two hotels. Both were treasure troves of evidence. There was a bottle of hair coloring and a wash for removing it. A collection of railroad checks indicated the different points at which he jumped trains, and nearly all seemed to fit in with the dates of stage robberies. A belt of shotgun shells proved to be the exact load he had purchased from Clabrough's shop. There was also a Colt .45 revolver and a plug of tobacco of the same brand found with his coat and blankets. A dirt-spotted hat, which was identified with the robber of the Shasta stage, was also found.

A check and account book from a Helena, Montana, bank seemed puzzling until Captain Lees matched the dates of withdrawals and deposits with a string of stage robberies in the area. The net was quickly closing around the mysterious Mr. Williams.

Frank Williams wasn't smiling when he posed for this Folsom prison mugshot. *California State Archives.*

The officers and postal officials felt they could clearly identify the four northern California robberies, as well as four others in the gold rush country, as the work of Williams. The several stage drivers in the north had clearly described Williams as the robber, but they had noted he had a "stocky" build, while Williams was noticeably slender. When it was noticed the rubber coat was quite large, the store clerk recalled that Wil-liams had deliberately wanted a larger size. It was theorized that the bandit had wrapped the blankets around his body and then put on the coat to give himself a bulkier physique.

The robber had moved around a good deal, alternating between the California-Oregon border and Mariposa County to the south. A good case could be made for seven holdups, some being better than others. Williams was turned over to a deputy United States marshal and housed in the San Francisco County Jail. With Lees' aid, several postal inspectors began building their case.

December 23 was a particularly busy day as Williams was arraigned in federal court. While prisoners were being brought in, clerks were scribbling on documents, attorneys were gathering their papers, and new lawyers were pushing through the doors, a cry suddenly rang out: "Prisoner Escaped!"

There was instant chaos. Men were running in and out of court and up and down the hallways as others shouted and ran in and out of offices. "Who escaped?" someone asked.

"Frank Williams, the desperate highwayman."

After ten more minutes of frantic scrambling, someone noticed that Williams was still sitting chained to his chair before the desk of Commissioner Sawyer. He had never left. The news was shouted up and down the hallways and in a minute more the hearing had commenced again.

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On January 14 three men came down from Placer County to see if they could identify the prisoner. On the night before the December 12 robbery, a person answering Williams' description had called at Jim Dodds' house and asked to be put up for the night. The man slept there and next morning Dodds walked a distance up the road with him. S.M. Bradley had met the man on the road a short time later and chatted with him.

Williams and a group of fellow inmates were lined up in a room at the jail and both men immediately identified Williams as the person they had met. The two men rushed up to the bandit to shake his hand, but Williams brushed them off with a smile.

"I have never had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of either of you gentlemen," he said, "and you'll excuse me for failing to remember the circumstances that you mention."

Frank Powell, the driver of the Forest Hill stage that had been robbed, was next brought in to confront Williams. Again, the bandit feigned ignorance of any meeting.

"Why, thunder and lightning," blustered Powell, "don't you remember me, Williams? Well, I remember you, you can bet. And I'll not soon forget you, either. Didn't I lose about three pounds of flesh and have a couple of hemorrhages yanking away on that nigh wheeler when you poked your blasted gun at me and yelled 'Hands up?' Well, I reckon."

Williams just smiled and said he did not recall the incident. He was then returned to his cell.

The trial began in United States district court on April 12, 1890. Powell and other witnesses gave testimony that left little doubt as to the bandit's identity. Powell testified that he was sure he had seen the robber at a local saloon before the robbery.

"You didn't see [the bandit's] face, though," declared the defense.

"Only his nose," replied Powell.

"How did that nose compare with the defendant's?"

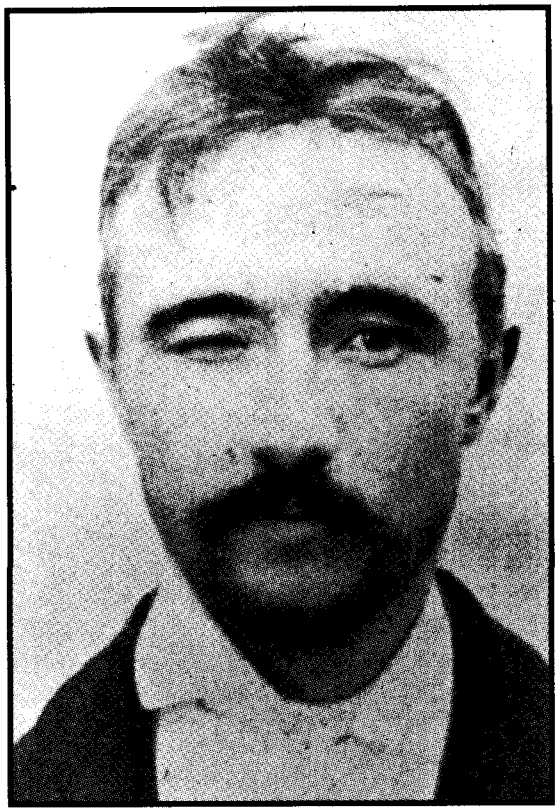
"Same nose," replied Powell.

Williams tried various ploys to establish an alibi. He claimed to have been registered under the name "Frank Miller" at a Sacramento hotel at the time of the Downieville robbery. Later he changed his story and insisted "Miller" was a friend of his and he had bought the shotgun and other materials for him. The evidence was heavily against him, however, and he was convicted on three counts of stage robbery. On May 2, 1889, he was sentenced to life imprisonment at Folsom state prison. The San Francisco *Chronicle* commented:

> Williams received the sentence unmoved, and soon afterward glided from the room in company with Marshal Long, who took him to Folsom on the first train.

Before leaving, Williams gave his attorney, Carroll Cook, a letter to be mailed to a brother in New Mexico. The letter stated Williams was leaving soon for South America and he might never return. If no word came from him, he was to be considered dead.

"This is the honorable thing for the black sheep of the family to do," concluded the letter. It was signed, "G.S."



William Fredericks, ex-con and Folsom escape conspirator. *Author's collection.*

Anyone inquiring about him, he told Cook, was to be advised that he had left the country and vanished.

At Folsom State Prison Williams was given his striped uniform, processed, and identified as convict No. 2212. He said he was from Illinois and gave his age as twenty-six, with no occupation.

Opened in July 1880, Folsom was conceived and constructed as a maximum security facility. At this time there were no walls as such around the prison, but buildings formed a barrier on several sides. For the open areas, deadlines were established and carefully monitored by stone guard towers. A granite quarry on the site provided material for all the structures, and work for the convicts.

Two cell blocks consisted of three hundred and twenty-eight cells overlooking the American River. Individual cells were seven by nine feet, with nine-foot ceilings. Designed for two occupants, the cells were frequently overcrowded with four or more convicts. An iron frame held a straw-filled mattress and several blankets. Two buckets provided toilet and drinking facilities. Ventilation and head counting was accomplished through an iron door with a ten by three-inch opening.

Folsom inmates were employed at various tasks. Besides quarrying granite, a dam and canal were being constructed, farming projects were in operation, and there was always the day-to-day maintenance work. A powerhouse was being built to harness power at the dam and in the winter of 1891 electric lights were installed throughout the prison.

As a "lifer," Frank Williams couldn't even count on obtaining credits, or time off for good behavior. He was "really sloughed up," to use an old Folsom expression. Year

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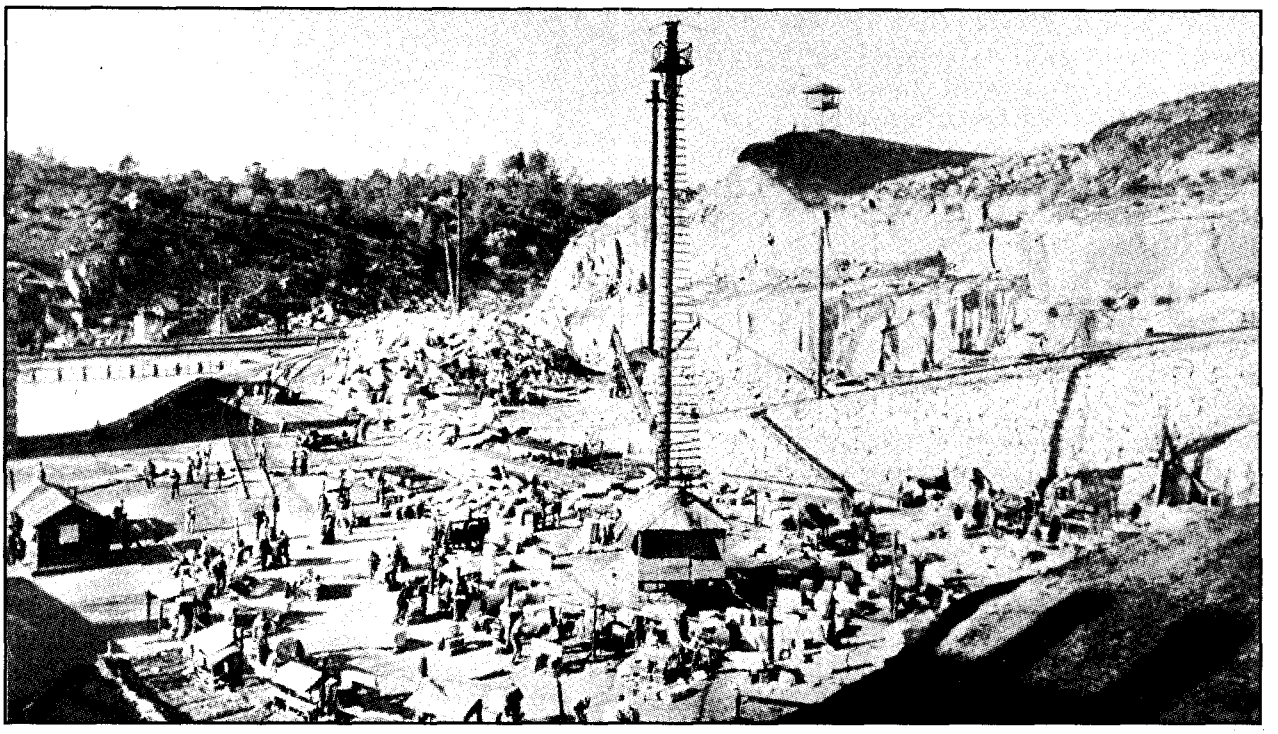

The quarry at Folsom. The escaping convicts climbed the cliff just behind the tall tower, middle foreground, then shot it out with the guards on top of the bluff. The guards won. *California State Library.*

after dreary year dragged by with very few escape efforts being made at the prison.

In November 1892 a celebrity of sorts was ushered through Folsom's iron gates. His name was George Contant, a train robber whose partners, his brother John and one Chris Evans, were still at large. Contant had taken the surname of a stepfather, while brother John had retained their deceased father's name of Sontag. George had participated in several train robberies in the Midwest. A recent holdup at Collis, California, with Evans and his brother had resulted in his Folsom sentence. In prison pecking order, train robbers were at the top of the heap and he was pointed out on the prison grounds, much as a celebrity would be on the outside.

"After I had arrived here," recalled Contant later, "I formed the acquaintance of Frank Williams serving a life sentence. I made a few inquiries about him and satisfied myself he was a man I could confide in, and I know he wanted his liberty about as bad as I did. We talked this matter up. He told me he could get a fellow to bring the guns provided I could get them."

Contant was impressed with his new friend, who was known to his Folsom pals as "Smiling" Williams.

Smuggling several letters to the Evans family in Visalia, Contant set his plan in motion. Evans' daughter Eva, who was engaged to George's brother, agreed to help with the escape plot. Evans and Sontag were the most wanted train robbers in the country after killing three officers in several gunfights. George was in prison now, however, and time had run out on his erstwhile partners, who were shot up and captured in early June.

Williams had talked convict William Fredericks into participating in the escape plot. Paroled on May 26, 1893, Fredericks lost no time in making his way south to Visalia, where Eva Evans would help secure the needed weapons. Eva told him where it would be easy to steal some guns and that night the ex-convict broke into the back room of a saloon and obtained two Winchester rifles, three pistols, and a knife. Bundling the weapons up in his bedroll, he returned to Folsom where he secreted them in some rocks in the prison quarry. Somehow, Fredericks got word to Frank Williams where he hid the guns and the convicts made their final plans.

"Williams," George Contant would later write, "who from the first took charge of our plans, told me where the guns were. He made all arrangements attendant upon the intended delivery, with the same cool calculation as a railroad official would in preparing reports for some change in plans or policies of the affairs of the company."

The break was scheduled for the hot afternoon of June 28, 1893. Williams and Contant had gathered together several other convicts desperate to escape. Anthony Dalton, a burly burglar, and stage robber "Buckshot" Smith were enthusiastic, as were murderer Charles Abbott and another burglar named Hiram Wilson. All were working in the prison quarry. Contant and the others seized guard Frank Briarre and hoped to use him as a shield to get past the guard posts and into the brush and trees. Making their way out of the quarry by a steep, rocky path, the escape was foiled when Briarre jumped off the trail, dragging Smith back into the quarry with him.

With their cover gone, Contant and Williams both went down under the withering fire of the guards. Contant and the others all scrambled into a pile of rocks where they began returning the fire of guards at a nearby outpost. By the time Warden Charles Aull arrived on the scene, several of the mutineers had been shot. Quickly assuming command, Aull, ordered all the guards and officials present to begin firing their Winchesters in concerted volleys. As smoke belched forth from the guard's weapons, the bullets careening off boulders and the rock chips flying through the air turned the

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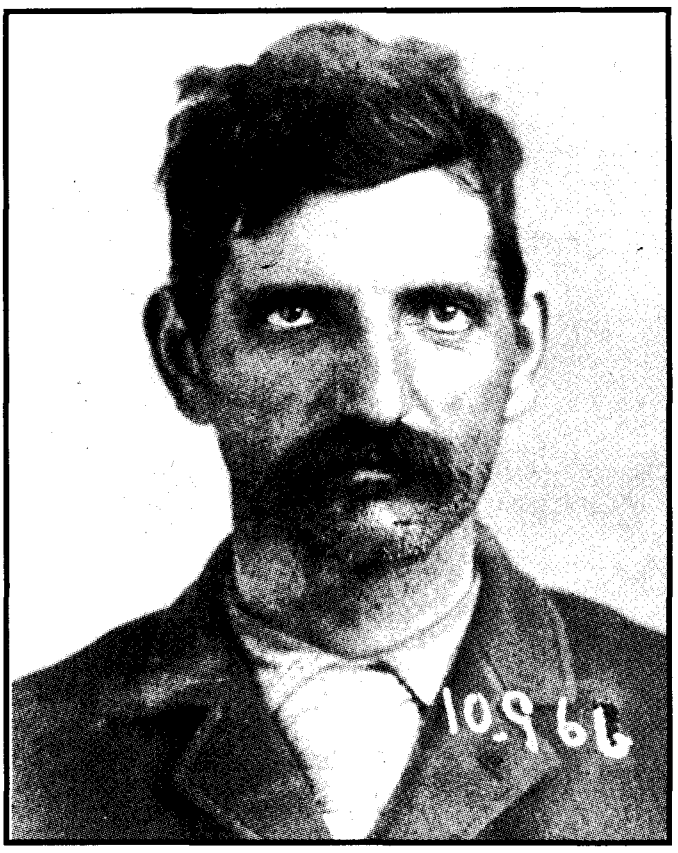
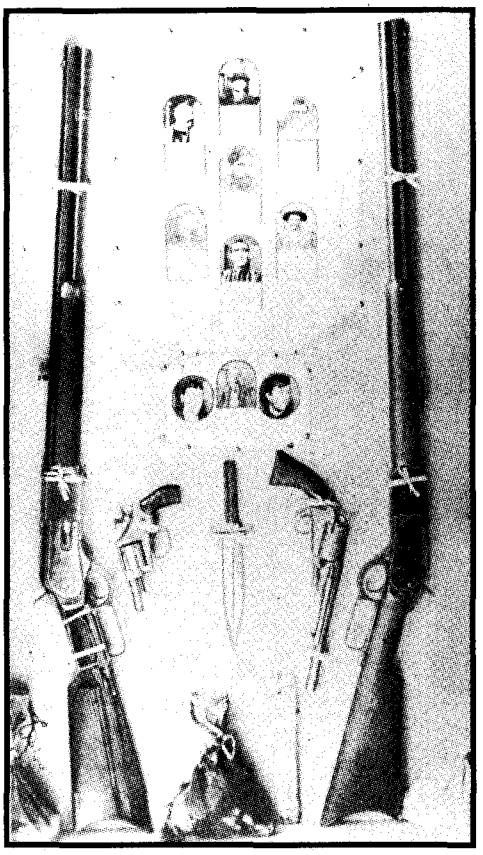


Left: Convict Anthony Dalton, killed during the Folsom escape attempt. *Author's collection*



Right: For many years the weapons smuggled into the prison by William Fredericks were on display in the warden's office at Folsom. *California State Library.*

convict's makeshift rock fort into a death trap.

Finally a hat was seen waving from the besieged rock hideout. It was over.

A smoky haze had settled over the area as the guards and Folsom officials cautiously walked toward the clump of rocks. The smell of burnt powder was strong. Warden Aull kept his rifle handy as he and his men approached Contant and Charles Abbott. Both had crawled from their hiding place, badly wounded and splattered with blood.

As melodramatic as it sounds, a dejected Contant looked up at Captain R.J. Murphy and reportedly said, "I have played my game and lost."

As several guards covered the two wounded men, Warden Aull looked into the group of rocks and boulders that had partially sheltered the convicts. Piled on top of each other, Dalton, Williams, and Wilson were all dead. Their bodies had been terribly torn up by bullets. Two other convicts were wounded by the guard's fire, but neither seriously. The only man of the group to escape unscathed was Buckshot Smith, who had tumbled down the hill with Guard Briarre. Both had been out of range of the deadly fire.

Later, in Captain Murphy's office, the three dead convicts were laid out in a row. According to witnesses, it was a "horrid" sight:

> Dalton was shot in the shoulders and heart, and when turned over his back was fairly riddled with bullets.
>
> Wilson had only a few shots. William's stomach was filled with bullets and torn and riddled so badly that his bowels were cut to pieces and their contents covered his body. He must have received a full charge from the Gatling gun....

One account stated that Williams had concealed a sack of cartridges in his shirt that had exploded when struck by a guard's bullet. This had caused the terrible damage. Contant recalled that he had just shouted "Look out!" to Williams when the convict was shot through the heart, "being dead before he hit the ground. He fell across me, his face wreathed with the same smile in death that graced his countenance in life." Mercifully, the sack of bullets had probably been hit after he was dead on the ground.

A daguerreotype was found in Williams' pocket that day, as the body lay in Captain Murphy's office. Eventually the old image found its way to the desk of Captain Lees, the San Francisco detective. Lees was a phenomenal officer, but he couldn't give any meaning to the image, that showed a young woman of nineteen or twenty holding the bridle of a beautiful saddle horse. Using his magnifying glass, the old captain studied the image carefully. The figure smiling back at him closely resembled Williams, himself. Perhaps it was the dead outlaw's twin sister. Perhaps it was Williams dressed like a woman.

Lees put down his glass and added the daguerreotype to a drawer full of such relics he had collected over the years. The old lawman instinctively knew that he would never know the secret of this image.

Bill Secrest, a retired commercial artist, has written several hundred articles since first publishing with True West *in 1963. A respected authority on early California history and Pacific Coast outlawry, Secrest has also authored* I Buried Hickok, Lawmen & Deperadoes, *and* Dangerous Trails.

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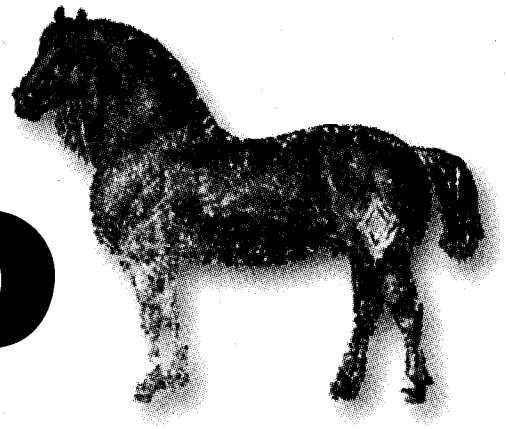
THE HORSE QUEEN OF IDAHO



By Hank Corless

To the reporter interviewing her, Kitty Wilkins was an enigma. At thirty-five and a woman of the vanishing frontier, the "Horse Queen" was as beautiful, well spoken, and stylishly dressed as any damsel who had ever graced the streets of 1892 Omaha, Nebraska. Besides her charm and eloquence, he had learned that she was also well educated, being a graduate of St. Vincents Academy in Walla Walla, Washington, and the convent of Notre Dame in San Jose, California.

It just didn't figure, he thought. Never married, she would be the catch of a lifetime for any man, and she could have all the refinements a city life could offer. Yet, Miss Wilkins had shunned both, preferring the harsh, rugged lifestyle of a desolate ranch in the scrub lands of southwestern Idaho.

"And how do you think the bicycle has impacted the horse business?" the reporter asked her. He was surprised when she quickly dismissed it as a fad.

"A good horse," she answered confidently, "is always in demand and he will be the favorite long after the bicycle craze is forgotten."

Kitty Wilkins was born in Jacksonville, Oregon, in 1857, the daughter of pioneers. In 1865, the Wilkins family moved to Idaho Territory following the Gold Rush. They first settled in Silver City, and later moving to the central Idaho town of Challis where they entered the stock business.

The Wilkins Company consisted of parents John and Laura Wilkins, Kitty, and her three brothers. It was from her mother that Kitty inherited her shrewd business sense and self-reliant spirit.

Early legal records reveal it was Laura who was the excellent manager and the real power behind the company.

By 1884, the Wilkins family had expanded their operations, and moved

Kitty Wilkins, known nationally as "The Horse Queen of Idaho." *Courtesy Alene Downing, Homedale, Idaho.*

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their home base to the Bruneau River Valley of southwest Idaho. Their holdings spread out, quickly engulfing thousands of acres that covered more than seventy-five miles of open range. The spread extended beyond the Bruneau Valley and into the Jarbidge country of Nevada. That year, the Wilkins Company purchased "Waterloo Junior," a famous stallion owned by Hiram Rice of Hailey, Idaho, for $1,000.

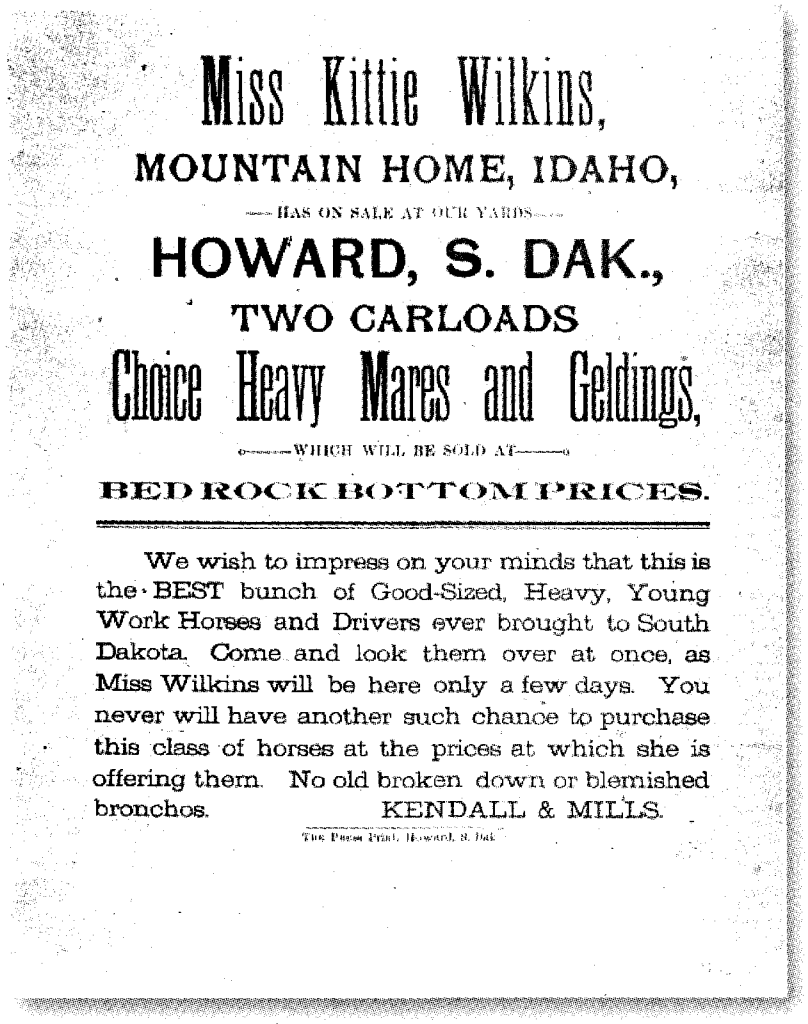
The purchase of the stallion seemed to indicate a definite turning point in Kitty's destiny. At nineteen, she and her brother started their own enterprise, the Wilkins Horse Company. The Wilkins outfit ran the Diamond brand, and Kitty became known as "The Queen of Diamonds." She branded her horses on the shoulder, while her brother placed his on the stifle of the left leg.

As the company expanded, John Wilkins found it necessary to ship his horses eastward by rail. He could sell in volume and command better prices in the eastern markets. Kitty, eager to learn the business, accompanied him on these annual trips. She was soon not only exhibiting the horses to buyers, but was conducting sales as well.

These yearly travels carried her to the greatest cities of America: Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, New Orleans, and as far away as Boston. As Kitty's fame grew, buyers flocked to the stock yards to see the horse dealer the media had dubbed "The Horse Queen of Idaho."

With fame, travel, and maturity, Kitty, now a beautiful young woman, was at no loss for suitors. One prospective gentleman was from San Francisco and another was a businessman in Nevada. Admirers from all the big cities sought to court her, including many local ranchers and cowboys. While a few received serious thought, her first love was for horses, and there was just no room in her life for marriage.

While the Wilkins Company continued to flourish, Kitty's pool of stock grew and she bought her own ranch for the Wilkins Horse Company. Her stock not only consisted of Quarter horses for the ranching community, but her well-developed Morgans were considered fine saddle horses among city



Miss Kittie Wilkins,

MOUNTAIN HOME, IDAHO,

HAS ON SALE AT OUR YARDS

HOWARD, S. DAK.,

TWO CARLOADS

Choice Heavy Mares and Geldings,

WHICH WILL BE SOLD AT

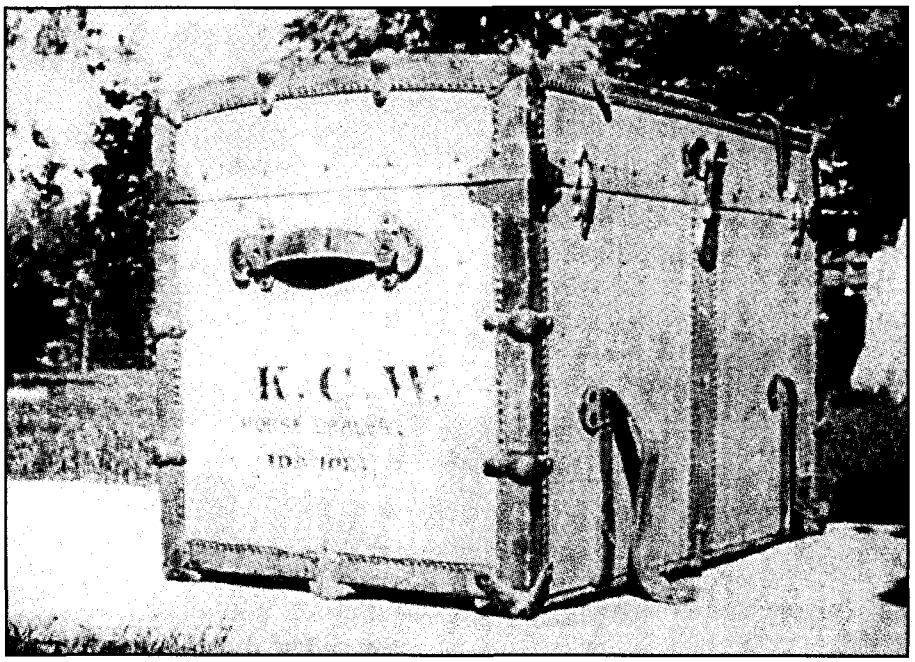
BED ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

We wish to impress on your minds that this is the BEST bunch of Good-Sized, Heavy, Young Work Horses and Drivers ever brought to South Dakota. Come and look them over at once, as Miss Wilkins will be here only a few days. You never will have another such chance to purchase this class of horses at the prices at which she is offering them. No old broken down or blemished bronchos. KENDALL & MILLS.

The Press Print, Howard, S. Dak.

Above: An early South Dakota auction advertisement for Kitty Wilkins' horses, promising "No old or broken down or blemished bronchos [sic]." *From the author's collection.*

Below: This trunk of "city clothes" always accompanied Kitty Wilkins to eastern markets to buy and sell horses. *Courtesy Alene Downing, Homedale, Idaho.*



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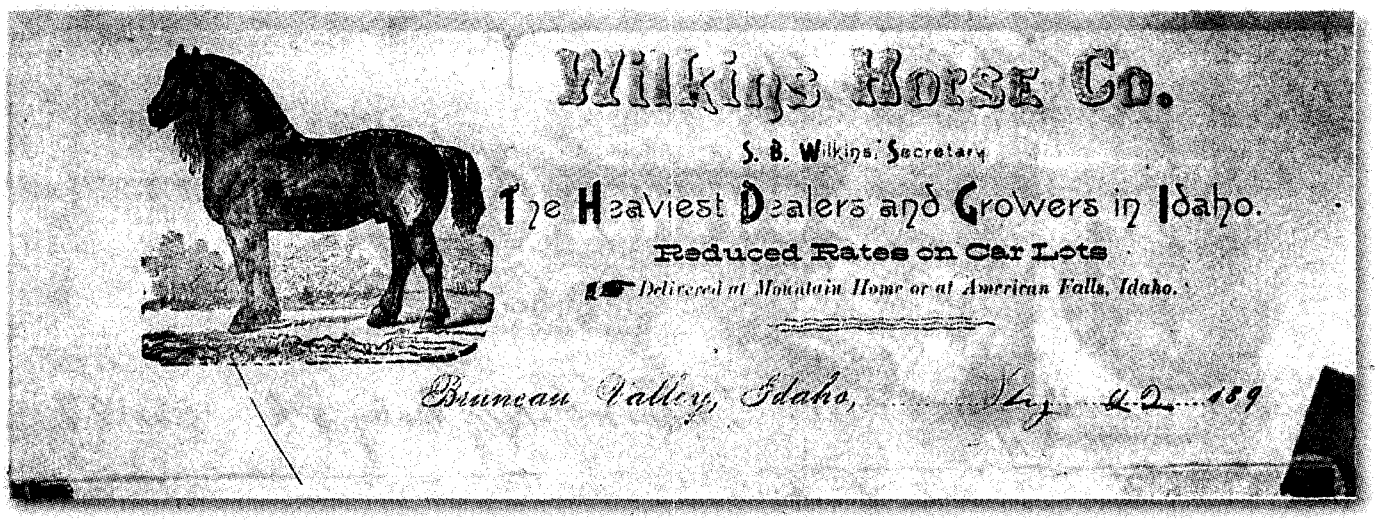

An early broadside advertising the Wilkins Horse Company of Bruneau Valley, Idaho. *From the author's collection.*

dwellers. She began breeding Black Hawks, also, a little known breed of trotters that were excellent for the buggy and carriage trade. Her heavily muscled Percherons were outstanding draft horses, and were highly sought after by not only farmers and transportation companies, but by the military.

In 1890, one historian noted that due to Kitty's good management, her horse herd now numbered well over 700 head. Two years later, an Omaha newspaper was touting her as an "independent, self-made woman...head of one of the largest horse raising ranches in the world."

Kitty's reputation as an excellent equestrian was well established. That respect came first hand from hardened wranglers. Kitty shared their fires, bad weather, and harsh lifestyle as she directed roundups and chased after half-wild horses in the roughest of country. Yet, in the eastern stock yards, she looked every bit the lady as she rode sidesaddle, stylishly and modestly dressed, to demonstrate the superior quality of Wilkins horses.

The Horse Queen's interest in horse breeding seemed to know no bounds. On one trip to Iowa she bought two Hambletonian pacing stallions and brought them home to her ranch on the Bruneau. Augmenting the Black Hawks, the Hambletonians produced superior quality horses for the carriage trade.

Kitty's parents had also been watching her career and successes in the equine world. In 1896, they turned over all business matters of the Wilkins Company to Kitty.

Old time cowboys took pride in riding for "Kitty's outfit." Among those hands was notorious gunman, "Diamondfield" Jack Davis. The cowboy was eventually sent to prison for killing two sheepmen during the Cassia County range war in 1896.

The Wilkins Company continued to prosper into the 1900s. The responsibility for holding the vast company together fell directly on her shoulders when her father passed away in 1904, which didn't come without its troubles. Land and water disputes broke out over the next few years, creating a number of legal challenges for the Wilkins Company. Kitty's longtime foreman, Joe Pellessier, was killed by a sheepman in 1909, an event that nearly started a range war.

Despite her success, Kitty failed to see the changes taking place after the turn of the century. What she did see, she could not control. More explosive than the bicycle, the arrival of the "horseless carriage" spelled doom for the large horse ranchers and breeders. As demand began to fall, so did profits, shutting down much of the industry. For some time, the Wilkins Horse Company (now numbering well over 4,000 well-bred horses) was still secure. In the West, the demand was still there—the United States Cavalry was still a steady customer. To offset losses in the saddle and carriage trade, Kitty brought in more Jacks and expanded her mule herd. Before and during World War I, the military was buying her stock by the trainloads.

The end of the war also signaled the end to Kitty's way of life. The art of warfare had changed forever, becoming as mechanical and impersonal as the rest of society. With the markets continuing to crumble, her aging mother disposed of her interests in the Wilkins Company, thereby dissolving the enterprise, leaving Kitty and John's horse company to go it alone. On one of her last trips to Omaha, Kitty found no market for her horses and, broken-hearted, she sold them by the pound.

Kitty's love for horses never faded, but her company hit hard times by the 1920s. Many of her exquisite, well-bred horses became "chicken-feeders" during the Depression. Like the rest of America, she struggled, drastically scaling back operations and selling off her valuable herds and breeding stock at a loss. Kitty Wilkins, "The Horse Queen of Idaho," died in early October, 1939 at the age of seventy-nine. The Wilkins Horse Company ended.

With the prized herds gone, the rustlers and unemployed cowhands stripped the open range. The last of Kitty's fabled horses were rounded up in 1942, leaving behind only her legacy.

Hank Corless resides in Boise, Idaho. The author of The Weiser Indians *and numerous articles concerning the factual West, Corless is currently working on two historical novels.*

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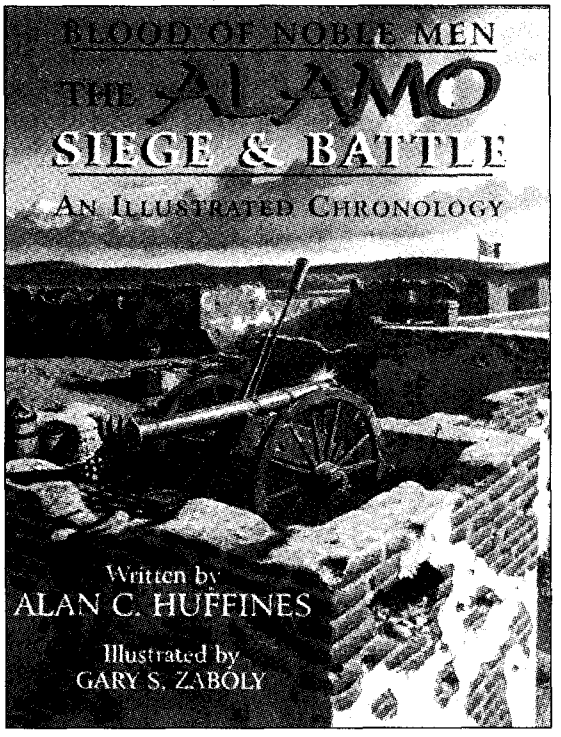

Blood of Noble Men. By Alan C. Huffines.
Eakin Press $27.95

Blood of Noble Men: The Alamo Siege & Battle, An Illustrated Chronology. By Alan C. Huffines, illustrated by Gary S. Zaboly, with a foreword by Stephen L. Hardin, Ph.D. (Eakin Press, PO Box 90159, Austin, TX 78709. 221 pages, 66 illustrations, maps. $27.95 Cloth.)

Blood of Noble Men is a handsome, large format (8"x11") volume, telling the story of the siege and final assault on the Alamo in the words of the participants, with footnotes by Alan Huffines. An active duty combat arms officer and re-enactor, Huffines places the accounts of the battle into a sound military context. A major value of *Blood of Noble Men* is the understanding Huffines brings to the siege operations, the skirmishes to advance the Mexican lines in an ever-closing ring around the fortress.

Many of the accounts will be familiar to students of the Battle of the Alamo, and some of the accounts are controversial among historians. A surprise to this reviewer was the virtual word-for-word concurrence between the logbook of the San Luis Potosi Battalion, which I had never seen before, and the narrative of José Enrique de la Peña. The similarity is so striking the the reader keeps looking for a footnote from the author for an explanation. Indeed, if there were one thing that would have made this book better, it would have been the addition of more footnotes throughout.

This is the first attempt to place all of the accounts of the Alamo battle in chronological order. The remembrances of the Mexican *soldados*, the Texian defenders, and the *Texano* and *Texana* civilians caught up in the battle are arranged by date and time of occurrence. In the words of Huffines, "The focus of this book is the what, instead of the why. Each day of the thirteen-day siege has its own chapter. If not much happened on that day, well, then it is a short chapter."

Blood of Noble Men is actually two books in one, each of which would stand on its own. Huffines' text is ably seconded by the artwork of Gary S. Zaboly. The artist's illustrations are

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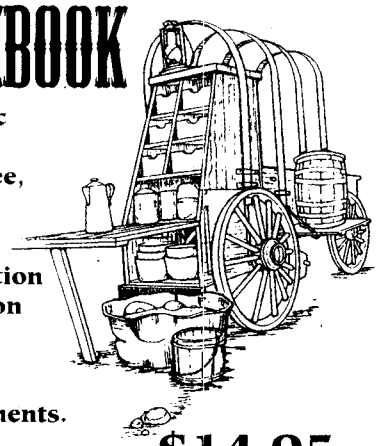

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well-known to readers of *True West*, and he is an Alamo expert in his own right. For each chapter, Zaboly provides a detailed diagram of the Alamo and the surrounding area, showing the military operations that took place on that day. In addition to these diagrams, and illustrations for each chapter head, Zaboly created forty major illustrations, with explanations and footnotes for each. Some of his footnotes provide gems of new information, such as where David Crockett's body may have been found after the battle. All of the illustrations provide fresh viewpoints, Alan Huffines' guidelines stating that "no illustrations could be a repeat of past illustrations." Even Zaboly's diagram of the Alamo complex is from a fresh perspective, as viewed from the east over the back of the famous Alamo chapel.

I highly recommend *Blood of Noble Men* to anyone interested in the Alamo, in the Texas Revolution, or in owning a finely illustrated account of one of the most famous battles in American history. *Robert L. Durham, Dayton, Ohio.*

Black, Buckskin, and Blue: African-American Scouts and Soldiers on the Western Frontier. By Art T. Burton. (Eakin Press, PO Box 90159, Austin, TX 78709. Photos, bibliography, notes, index. 286 pages. $24.95 Cloth.)

Both Hollywood and historians have now recognized the contributions made by African-Americans to the history of the West. Gone are the days when pioneers were represented as lily-white Anglo Saxons engaged in a struggle against the savage wilderness and the equally savage red man. We know that people from nearly every continent participated in the "winning of the West." For several decades the contributions of non Anglo-Saxons were neglected, and much effort has been made in the last twenty-five years to give credit where credit is due. Art Burton's *Black, Buckskin, and Blue* is one of the latest attempts to tell these previously little-known stories.

Written in the same vein as his earlier, well-received work on outlaws and lawmen of the Indian Territory, *Black Red, and Deadly*, Burton's latest book is a highly readable, entertaining col-

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lection of biographies and unit histories. Burton's writing style is very elementary, using basic vocabulary and short, simple sentences, leading the reader to suspect that *Black, Buckskin, and Blue* was intended for a young adult audience, and, in fact, it would make an excellent high school textbook. It is not a scholarly piece of work, however, and researchers will find its lack of annotation and scanty bibliography to be a fatal flaw.

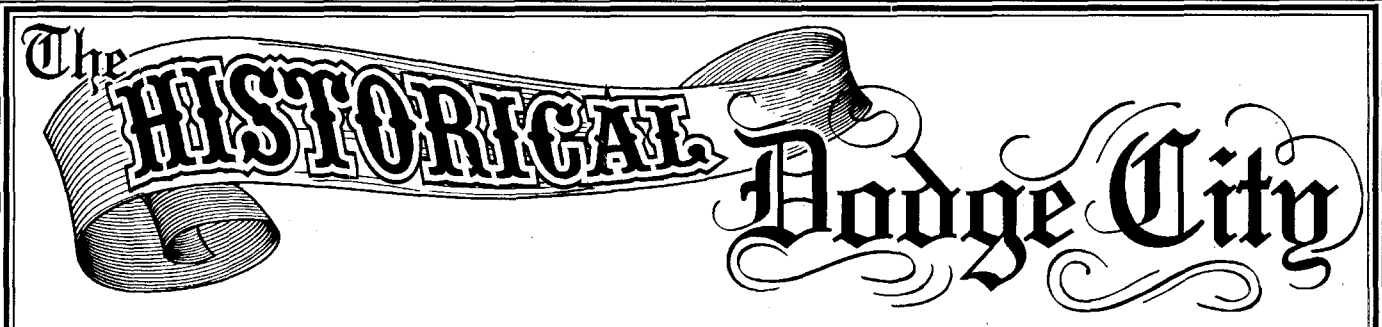
That is not to say that there isn't some good reading between the covers. The story of Tom Tobin's hunt for the Espinoza brothers, the adventures of the unjustly maligned Jim Beckwourth, the eventful life of Frank Gouard (who may not have been African-American at all, but no matter), the Tenth Cavalry's relief of the Forsyth Scouts at Beecher Island—all of these tales are worth reading at least once. Burton presents these stories in an accessible, lively narrative that honors its subjects. The tone of the book is refreshing as well. While acknowledging the special challenges faced by black frontiersmen in racist, nineteenth century America, Burton chooses to concentrate on their accomplishments. Like the frontiersmen themselves, Burton focuses on their adventures and successes and does not occupy himself with lamenting the restrictions placed upon them by society. The result is a collection of stories that is meaningful and entertaining for all readers, regardless of ethnicity.

Someday historians will not have to be composed along racial lines, and men such as Charlie Autobees, Sergeant Horace Bivins, and the Seminole Negro-Indian Scouts will be remembered as simply American frontiersmen, and not African-American frontiersmen. Until that time, historians such as Art Burton will tell the tales that have too frequently gone unwritten. *Black, Buckskin, and Blue* is a promising attempt to introduce these stories to a whole new audience of readers. *John R. Sweet, Palmer Lake, Colorado.*

Bear Flag Rising: The Conquest of California, 1846. By Dale L. Walker. (Forge/Tom Doherty Associates, Inc., 175 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10010. Photographs, illustrations, maps, bibliography, index. 320 pages. $24.95 Cloth.)

The California Sesquicentennial has been gathering a fair number of worthwhile new historical studies. Standouts among them are Gary Kurutz's monumental bibliography of the Gold rush and J.S. Holliday's sumptuous pictorial narrative of the era. Now comes the present volume written, it seems, to cash in on the celebration without regard for in-depth research or new wrinkles. It diminishes the efforts of those who are trying, and succeeding, to say something new concerning an oft-written-about period.

California's Bear Flag Revolt and subsequent "conquest" is one of the great frontier stories. It was accomplished by ragtag American settlers and a United States Army expeditionary force working in concert against a hitherto complacent Mexican government. When the Americans appeared to have seized the terrain with little difficulty, the Californios struck back, recapturing Los Angeles and several other key locations. The counter-revolt was shut down, but mostly through bluster and pure luck; deficiencies in American



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firepower, personnel, and command were rife. Their prevailing was scarcely less miraculous than the Texans' victory at San Jacinto ten years before.

As even author Walker concedes, the revolt/conquest has seen comprehensive treatment in print. This being true, one would expect him to offer some new insights or data in order to justify his volume's existence. Alas, neither is apparent. Even more appalling are certain other transgressions which any reasonably cautious historian would have avoided.

Only a few examples of this book's factual errors can be given here, but they demonstrate Walker's superficial knowledge of Californiana. In describing the Battle of San Pasqual, he opts for the variant "Pascual" spelling of the place name—which very few authors have used. He calls northern California's Sutter Buttes "low hills"; as anyone who has visited them knows, they make up a small mountain range rising out of the Sacramento Valley floor. Equally fallacious is his statement that "no one is certain" how many people assisted in the compilation of Hubert Howe Bancroft's historical writings. The personnel involved, and scope of their contributions, are noted at length in Bancroft's own *Literary Industries* (1890) and John W. Caughey's 1946 Bancroft biography.

One explanation for shortcomings such as these lies in the fact that Walker based this book mostly on secondary published sources. Not a single document or manuscript is cited. The most recent Bear Flag literature, such as Neal Harlow's *California Conquered* (1982) and Barbara Warner's *Men of the California Bear Flag Revolt* (1996)—both ignored, by the way, in Walker's bibliography—makes this point evident. Examination of either volume demonstrates that Walker ignored a mountain of rich material and, by doing so, helped to render his own work defective. Meaningful field research on his part within the Golden State, which was either left undone or executed poorly, might also have helped matters.

Harlow's book, published by the University of California Press, represents the highest standards of scholarship and might become the pre-eminent

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Bear Flag study. Walker's book, though readable, is a throwaway by comparison. *William B. Secrest, Fresno, California.*

Rush for Riches. By J.S. Holliday. (University of California Press, 2120 Berkeley Way, Berkeley, CA 94720. Notes, maps, illustrations, index, bibliography. 353 pages. $55.00 Cloth; $29.95 Paper.)

It is said lightning never strikes twice in the same place. Wrong.

Eighteen years ago, J.S. Holliday wrote *The World Rushed In*, which became the definitive study of California's Forty-niners. Now he gives us a fine companion volume. The 1981 study had its focus on the dreams and day-by-day routines of individual Argonauts. It detailed their adventures by means of excerpts from personal letters and journals. His new work is quite different; a broad overview of the rush for riches that, along with the Civil War, dominated Nineteenth Century America.

First, the author sketches the backdrop of pastoral Hispanic California. Mexico so neglected its distant province that it was in a perennial state of political anarchy, although a generally peaceful society. Alas, American California inherited this lack of law and order, but discontinued its peaceableness. Lawlessness in general, not just violent crime, instead of lessening with statehood, grew worse. Thousands of rootless young men, without family ties or other restraints, turned a frantic freedom into irresponsibility. Their easy-come, easy-go attitude soon turned into a selfish "Anything goes!" lifestyle, one that has haunted the state ever since.

Like earlier writers, Holliday breaks his subject down into parts. First came a local, California-only, rush in 1848. It was followed by gold fever in the United States in 1849; then throughout the world by 1850. Holliday carries the story forward all the way to the climax in 1884. Far too many earlier writers have dropped the subject after the excitement of its heyday, failing to tell what went wrong with this epic rush for wealth.

No one has dealt as effectively as Holliday with the dark side of the tale, the dreadful consequences of runaway mining over many years. Where the brilliance of the author's narrative, as story, will win general readers, scholars will particularly appreciate his skilled handling of the neglected "last act" of the Gold Rush.

As mining grew, it changed from just exploitation to the plundering of the state's natural resources. It became most destructive when it turned to hydraulic mining. This technique involved washing down enormous mountainsides with great, powerful water cannon. The tailings or spoil quickly clogged the state's rivers. The Yuba's bottom was raised thirty feet in twenty years by deposited mining debris. The Sacramento River's busy Steamboat Slough was closed to navigation by shoaling. Levees were swamped, and cities like Marysville inundated by floods. Worse, the "slickens" spread out to cover the rich topsoil of the valleys below the Sierra Nevada.

The efforts of united farmers, backed by newspapers and the public, finally won out over big mining interests in 1884 when Judge Lorenzo Sawyer halted hydraulic mining with a federal court decision. Mining did not cease, but shifted to less destructive dredging.

Perhaps as important as the account of mining's come-uppance is the author's reminder to us of the Gold Rush's long-lasting "hangover"—California's jackpot or lottery mentality.Everyone from the temporary banker and future general, William T. Sherman, to author Rudyard Kipling criticized Californians' zeal for risk-taking, especially in would-be business bonanzas. Sherman said, "Everything is chance, everything is gambling." Historian Theodore Hittell added, "Californians are a fast people....If they succeed once, it pays them for a dozen failures."

As Holliday makes clear in this excellent book, the much-romanticized and, indeed, thrilling adventure of the Gold Rush left behind it not only a zest for risk-taking, but a legacy of greed. This is a cautionary tale, splendidly told. *Richard H. Dillon, Mill Valley, California.*

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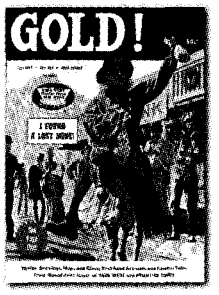

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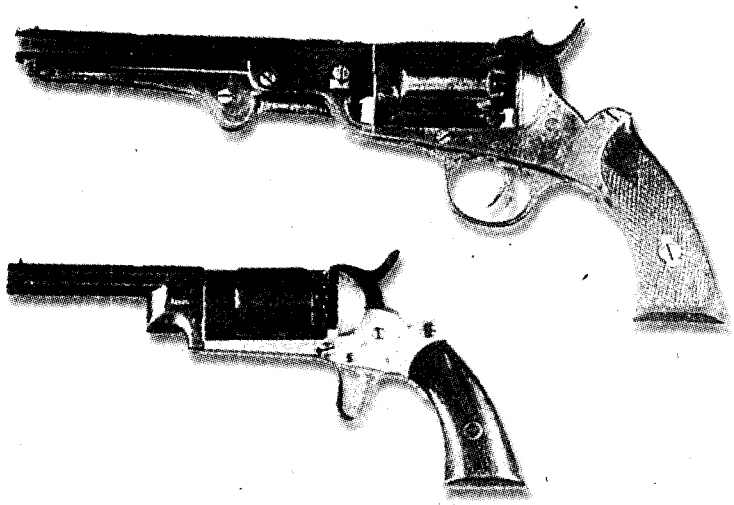
ANSWER MAN

BY CHUCK PARSONS

THE WALCH TWELVE-SHOOTER

Question: What exactly is a Walch pistol, and how did it fire more than six shots?—*Lee Stroschine, Hopkins, Minnesota.*

Answer: John Walch received a patent for his .36 caliber, twelve-shot, single action Navy percussion revolver, on February 8, 1859. The weapon had a six-inch octagonal barrel, rifled with six grooves. Its total length was twelve-and-one-quarter inches; its weight was two pounds, four ounces. The revolver was equipped with two hammers, two triggers, and twelve cones (nipples). The six-chamber cylinder provided twelve shots. It held two loads, one on top of the other, in each of the six chambers, each being fired by its own cone. A conventional loading lever was used to operate the



The Walch twelve-shot Navy (top) and ten-shot Pocket Model revolvers. By stack loading, the weapons were able to deliver tremendous firepower with relative ease. Drawbaks to the weapons included frequent "chain firing," which resulted in the gun exploding in the shooter's hand. *Photo from author's collection.*

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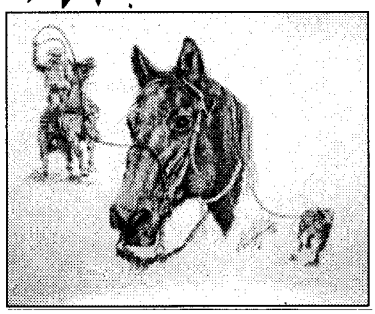

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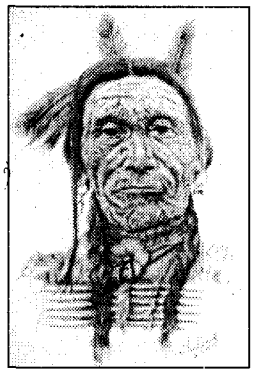

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rammer, and the gun used self-consuming, combustible cartridges. The twelve-shot Walch is excessively rare; only about two hundred were produced.

John Walch also patented a smaller revolver which provided only ten shots. The John Walch Pocket Model Revolver was produced in the early 1860s, with a production run of about 3,000 weapons. Made by the New Haven Arms Company of New Haven, Connecticut, the gun was a .31 caliber, with five chambers instead of six. The Pocket Model differed from the Navy in the standard use of a single trigger. The mechanism was designed to allow for the right hammer to fall first, followed by the left, firing both loads per chamber.

One of the problems with standard percussion revolvers is that they sometimes "chain fired" from one chamber to the next, causing two or more chambers to fire at once. This result was a weapon that often exploded and either injured, or left a shooter defenseless.

When self-contained cartridges evolved in the 1860s and early 1870s, the Walch, which relied on paper cartridges, was doomed.

Question: Jim Kenedy was involved in a shoot-out with Print Olive and "Nigger Jim" Kelley in Ellsworth, Kansas. Was he the same Jim Kenedy who killed Dora Hand in Dodge City, Kansas?—*Dennis Garstang, Rolla, Missouri.*

Answer: Yes, indeed. The gunfight happened in Ellsworth on July 27, 1872. Kenedy and Print Olive had quarreled over a card game. It ended with Kenedy, unarmed, threatening Olive as he left the game. Later, Olive, Gene Lyons, and possibly others were playing cards in Nick Lentz' saloon when Kenedy, now heeled and ready to fight, entered the saloon and opened fire. The first bullet struck Print Olive in the hand, the second entered his groin, and the third hit him in the thigh. Before Kenedy could fire again, James "Nigger Jim" Kelly, Olive's trail boss, shot Kenedy in the leg and disarmed him. Kenedy was taken to jail, where he escaped, never to return to Ellsworth. Print Olive recovered from his wounds after a few weeks.

Isom Prentice "Print" Olive was born February 7, 1840, in Louisiana but became a Texan when his family moved to Williamson County about 1843. Olive became a successful cattleman, fighting nature and occasionally thieves, being wounded several times in the process. After establishing a home in Dodge City he became interested in Trail City, Colorado, just across the Kansas-Colorado line. He and his trail boss at the time, James J. Sparrow, argued over a trivial sum of money and Sparrow shot and killed Olive on August 16, 1886. Print Olive is buried in Maple Grove Cemetery in Dodge City, Kansas.

James W. Kenedy gained further notoriety when he shot and killed Dodge City dance hall singer Dora Hand, although he intended to kill Mayor James H. Kelly. After "getting the hell out of Dodge," Kenedy was wounded and captured by a posse led by Bat Masterson. After recovering from his wounds and being acquitted for the Hand killing, Kenedy returned to Texas where he died from tuberculosis in 1884.

Question: Jim McIntire, the "supposed friend and accomplice of Jim Courtright" may be a relative of mine. What can you tell me about McIntire?—*Jason P. Winegar, Salt Lake City, Utah.*

Answer: If Isaac McIntire, who changed his name to Jim, had not been a one time associate of Jim Courtright, and more importantly if he had never written his memoirs, he would be forgotten today.

McIntire was born in Brown County, Ohio, in 1854, the son of James W. and Grace McColgin McIntire. Jim went to Texas, where he gained experience as a cowboy and buffalo hunter, then joined the Texas Rangers, serving in Company B, from April 1, 1876, until February 28, 1878. According to the muster rolls, McIntire actually served with the Rangers only twelve months, off and on. He later joined Captain June Peak's Company B, serving from April-August 1878.

McIntire's further adventures included serving alongside Bat Masterson and other noted gunmen in the railroad war between the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and the Denver

FURTHER READING

If you enjoyed the articles in this month's issue, and would like to learn more, please consult these selected publications and related articles.

The Sporting Crowd at Old Fort Griffin: *A Texas Frontier: The Clear Fork Country and Fort Griffin, 1849-1887*, by Ty Cashion* (Univ. of Okla. Press, 1996); *Lottie Deno: Gambling Queen of Hearts,* by Cynthia Rose* (Clear Light Publishers, 1994); "Famous Gunfighters of the Western Frontier: Doc Holliday," by W.B. Masterson (*Human Life*, Vol. 5, No. 2, May 1907).

Murder and Intrigue in the Chaco: *Black Jack's Spurs*, by C.W. Craig. (London: Hutchinson & Co., Ltd., 1954); *El Ordan*, (newspaper) Asunción, Paraguay, December 13, 1929; United States Department of State, File 334.1121 (Wright), Declassification Authority E.O. 10901, June 4, 1999: Confidential Correspondence, 1930-1931; Records of the State Department, Central Files, Record Group 59 (Available from the National Archives, College Park, Maryland).

The Mysterious Highwayman: *A Pardoned Lifer*, by Opie L. Warner. (1909); *Dangerous Trails: Desperadoes of the Old West Coast*, by William B. Secrest*. (Barbed Wire Press, 1995); *As Prescribed by Law: A Treatise on Folsom Prison*, no author. (Represa Press, 1940); *Evans & Sontag: The Famous Bandits of California*, by Hu Maxwell. (1893; reprinted by Pioneer Press, 1981).

ALSO:

- *How I Routed a Gang of Arizona Outlaws*, by Wyatt Earp*.
- *Sundance, My Uncle*, by Donna B. Ernst*.
- *Historical Atlas of the Outlaw West*, by Richard Patterson*.
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& Rio Grande, a bloodless confrontation between the railroad rivals.

Later, McIntire and Timothy I. "Jim" Courtright were charged with the murders of New Mexico ranchers Robert Elsinger and Alexis Grossetete. The two eventually escaped conviction.

McIntire did contribute to the literature of the Old West when he wrote and published his autobiography, *Early Days in Texas: A Trip to Hell and Heaven* (1902). The book is subject to great errors in date and chronology, and today an original copy is very rare. In 1992 the University of Oklahoma Press reissued the book, edited and annotated by Robert K. DeArment.

As yet it is not known just when or where Jim McIntire died. Courtright biographer F. Stanley has concluded that McIntire died and was buried in Woodward, Oklahoma, sometime between 1912 and 1916.

Question: I recently read *Jesse James Lived and Died in Texas*, by Betty Dorsett Duke. Just who was Wood Hite?—*John E. Borror, New Castle Indiana.*

Answer: Robert Woodson "Wood" and Clarence Jeff Hite, cousins of Jesse James, were two of the eleven children of Nancy Gardner James and George B. Hite.

The Hite brothers were recruited to replace the six James Gang members lost during the Northfield, Minnesota, raid of 1876. Wood Hite participated in the Glendale, Winston, and Blue Cut robberies, and according to most historians, was killed December 4, 1881, by Charley Ford and Dick Liddil at the Ford home in Ray County, Missouri.

Fearing retribution from Jesse, Dick Liddil turned state's evidence. The end came on April 3, 1882, when Jesse was killed at the hands of the Ford brothers.

Ms. Duke claims Wood Hite was the actual victim that day, which begs the question: who was killed by Liddil and Ford on December 4, 1881?

If you have a question, send it to Answer Man, P.O. Box 8008, Cave Creek, AZ 85327. Please keep questions brief. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose questions appear in "Answer Man." Letters may be edited for space and clarity.

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#60 Dec 1963 NA	#66 Dec 1964 $6.00	#72 Dec 1965 $6.00	#78 Dec 1966 $4.00	#84 Dec 1967 $6.00	#90 Dec 1968 $4.00	#96 Dec 1969 $4.00	#102 Dec 1970 $4.00	#108 Dec 1971 $4.00	#114 Dec 1972 $4.00
#61 Feb 1964 $4.00	#67 Feb 1965 NA	#73 Feb 1966 NA	#79 Feb 1967 $4.00	#85 Feb 1968 NA	#91 Feb 1969 $4.00	#97 Feb 1970 $4.00	#103 Feb 1971 $4.00	#109 Feb 1972 $4.00	#115 Feb 1973 $4.00
#62 Apr 1964 $4.00	#68 Apr 1965 $4.00	#74 Apr 1966 $4.00	#80 Apr 1967 $4.00	#86 Apr 1968 $4.00	#92 Apr 1969 $4.00	#98 Apr 1970 $4.00	#104 Apr 1971 $4.00	#110 Apr 1972 $4.00	#116 Apr 1973 $4.00
#63 Jun 1964 $4.00	#69 Jun 1965 $4.00	#75 Jun 1966 $4.00	#81 Jun 1967 $4.00	#87 Jun 1968 NA	#93 Jun 1969 $4.00	#99 Jun 1970 $4.00	#105 Jun 1971 $4.00	#111 Jun 1972 $4.00	#117 Jun 1973 $4.00
#64 Aug 1964 $4.00	#70 Aug 1965 $4.00	#76 Aug 1966 $4.00	#82 Aug 1967 $4.00	#88 Aug 1968 $6.00	#94 Aug 1969 $4.00	#100 Aug 1970 $4.00	#106 Aug 1971 $4.00	#112 Aug 1972 $4.00	#118 Aug 1973 $4.00

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#120 Dec 1973 $4.00	#126 Dec 1974 $4.00	#132 Dec 1975 $4.00	#138 Dec 1976 $4.00	#144 Dec 1977 $4.00	#150 Dec 1978 $4.00	#156 Dec 1979 $4.00	#162 Dec 1980 $4.00	#173 Feb 1982 $4.00	#185 Feb 1983 $4.00
#121 Feb 1974 $4.00	#127 Feb 1975 $4.00	#133 Feb 1976 $4.00	#139 Feb 1977 $4.00	#145 Feb 1978 $4.00	#151 Feb 1979 $4.00	#157 Feb 1980 $4.00	#163 Feb 1981 $4.00	#174 Mar 1982 $4.00	#186 Mar 1983 $4.00
#122 Apr 1974 $4.00	#128 Apr 1975 $4.00	#134 Apr 1976 $4.00	#140 Apr 1977 $4.00	#146 Apr 1978 $4.00	#152 Apr 1979 $4.00	#158 Apr 1980 $4.00	#164 Apr 1981 $4.00	#175 Apr 1982 $4.00	#187 Apr 1983 $4.00
#123 Jun 1974 $4.00	#129 Jun 1975 $4.00	#135 Jun 1976 $4.00	#141 Jun 1977 $4.00	#147 Jun 1978 $4.00	#153 Jun 1979 $4.00	#159 Jun 1980 $4.00	#165 Jun 1981 $4.00	#176 May 1982 $4.00	#188 May 1983 $4.00
#124 Aug 1974 $4.00	#130 Aug 1975 $4.00	#136 Aug 1976 $4.00	#142 Aug 1977 $4.00	#148 Aug 1978 $4.00	#154 Aug 1979 $4.00	#160 Aug 1980 $4.00	#166 Jul 1981 $4.00	#177 Jun 1982 $4.00	#189 Jun 1983 $4.00
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#197 Feb 1984 $4.00	#206 Mar 1985 NA	#214 Feb 1986 $4.00	#226 Feb 1987 $4.00	#238 Feb 1988 $4.00	#250 Feb 1989 $6.00	#262 Feb 1990 $6.00	#274 Feb 1991 $4.00	#286 Feb 1992 $4.00	#298 Feb 1993 $4.00
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#200 May 1984 $4.00	#209 Sep 1985 NA	#217 May 1986 $4.00	#229 May 1987 $4.00	#241 May 1988 $4.00	#253 May 1989 NA	#265 May 1990 $4.00	#277 May 1991 $4.00	#289 May 1992 $4.00	#301 May 1993 $4.00
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#318 Oct 1994 $4.00	#330 Oct 1995 $4.00	#342 Oct 1996 $4.00	#354 Oct 1997 $4.00	#366 Oct 1998 $4.00	#378 Oct 1999 $4.00
#319 Nov 1994 $4.00	#331 Nov 1995 $4.00	#343 Nov 1996 $4.00	#355 Nov 1997 $4.00	#367 Nov 1998 $4.00	#379 Nov 1999 $4.00
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